ULUM COL
LIBRARY

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVII NO. 13 | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1938 | TEN CENTS A COPY

LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S DOG AND OTHER BEST SELLERS

By George Stevens

IN THIS ISSUE

ELMER DAVIS
Reviews "The Prodigal Parents" by Sinclair Lewis

CRANE BRINTON
Reviews "The Tyranny of Words" by Stuart Chase

THURMAN W. ARNOLD
Reviews "A History of the Business Man" by Miriam Beard

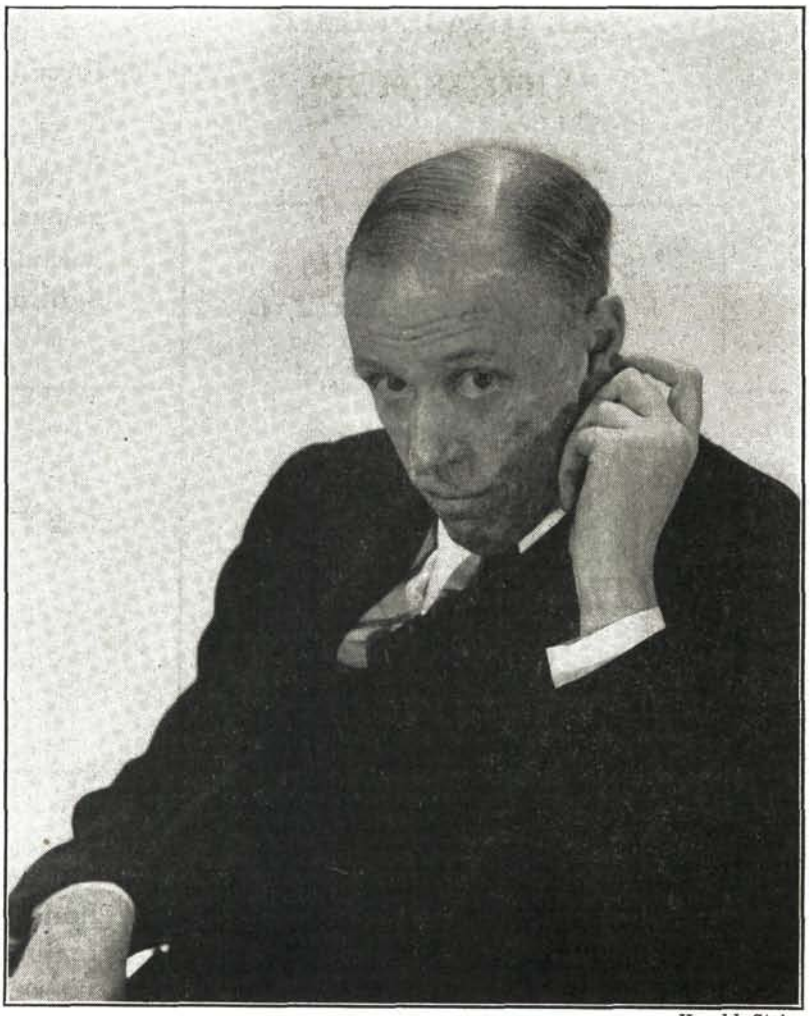
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "The Sword and the Rose" by A. W. Smith

BASIL DAVENPORT
Reviews "The Wild Goose Chase" by Rex Warner

IVOR BROWN
Reviews "A Son of Scotland" by R. H. Bruce Lockhart

SHIRLEY BARKER
"Men's Generations"

Other Reviews by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, PAUL ROSENFELD, CHARLES A. THOMSON



Harold Stein

SINCLAIR LEWIS

"Lewis always slapped on the satire with a trowel but in the old days it usually stuck; not so often, this time" . . .

(See page 6)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Moon is Making

By

STORM JAMESON

Author of

"THE LOVELY SHIP"

"THE VOYAGE HOME"

"A RICHER DUST"

HERE, beyond question, is Storm Jameson's most powerful story—a novel on a grand scale with an appeal as broad as it is difficult to define.

In a small Yorkshire fishing village live the Wikkers, a strange family, self-centered, cruel, gross, but with tremendous courage and force of life.

The story revolves about Handel Wikkers, the one exception to the general type, a sea captain turned parson, who beats out his own life fighting for common justice. $2.50

OTHER NEW BOOKS WELL WORTH NOTING

The Nature of Variable Stars
By Paul W. Merrill
$2.00

The Living Torch
By "A E"
(Edited and introductory essay by Monk Gibbon)
$4.00

The Syrian Desert
Caravans, Travel and Exploration
By Christina P. Grant
$5.00

Gardening Indoors
By F. F. Rockwell and Esther C. Grayson
$2.50

Letters to A Friend

By

WINIFRED HOLTBY

"A true reflection of the years . . . honest—at times, appallingly honest; eminently readable. No autobiography, no series of biographies could be half so revealing."—*New York Times.*

"Here is the ironical touch and brilliant humor which helped her write that scathing satire, 'Mandoa, Mandoa.' "—*Chicago News.* $3.50

at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lincoln's Doctor's Dog

And Other Famous Best Sellers

BY GEORGE STEVENS

THE first appearance in print of the title "Anthony Adverse" was modest. It was listed, with eight other forthcoming books, in a single page advertisement, addressed to booksellers, in the *Publishers' Weekly* of January 28, 1933. "Anthony Adverse" was described, with no particular extravagance as book advertising goes, as "a tremendous novel, of Henry Fielding calibre, laid in the Napoleonic era. Three volumes in one. March 17. $3."

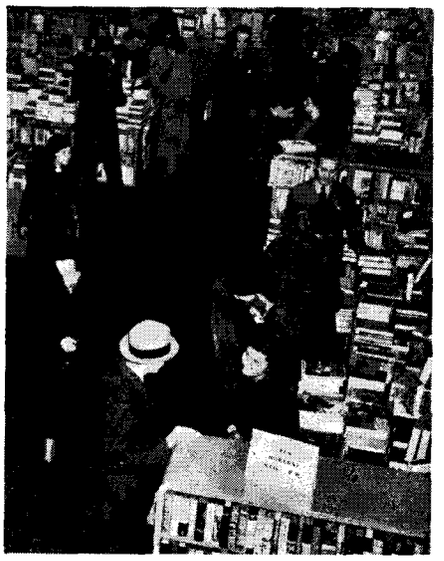
"Anthony," as it turned out, was not published on March 17. For one thing, the MS, which had required over four years to write, did not arrive in the publishers' office until the middle of February: and it takes more than a month to do a thoroughgoing job of manufacturing, selling, and promoting a book before publication. For another thing, the month of March, 1933, was not a time to inspire confidence in any business venture; it would have been foolhardy to publish a new book by Sinclair Lewis just then, let alone an unknown and expensive quantity like "Anthony Adverse." From the beginning, there was a sort of fatalistic timeliness about the adventures of this book, as there was about the adventures of its hero. The contract for its publication had been signed—before the book was written—during another famous month: October, 1929.

"EDITION FOLLOWS EDITION"

How did "Anthony" become a best seller? Note the word "how"—it is not the same as the word "why." This article is not trying to decide what made the reading public eat the book up. Theories about best sellers from the point of view of their appeal always provide fascinating material for literary bull-sessions; but that kind of speculation is about as trustworthy as astrology. However, facts are available about the publication of best sellers. The publisher can tell you what he did to promote them, how much money he spent advertising them, how many copies they sold, and over how long a period of time. If we cannot attempt to explain why "Anthony Adverse" became a best seller, we can pretty clearly describe how.

The average intelligent book reader, together with a surprising number of experienced authors, suffers from a certain number of mistaken ideas about publishing. All of us like to pay a good story the compliment of believing it; not only that, we generalize from it. Thus we like to think of a best seller in terms of such a book as "David Harum": a manuscript that wandered unsolicited into a publisher's office—usually after having been turned down by a number of leading firms. The astute publisher who sees its merit, its universal appeal, determines to share his vision with the public by appropriating a large sum of money to advertise it; and (according to this theory) the publishers who do the most advertising have the most best sellers.

Practically all of that is inaccurate. The one point that is true even of "David Harum"—an unsolicited MS which had been widely rejected—seldom applies today. They are still often rejected by one firm before being published by a luckier firm; but they practically never come in unsolicited. On any publisher's list the number of books representing unsolicited manuscripts will be surprisingly small, often in the neighborhood of one per cent; and the number of unsolicited best sellers is infinitesimal. (Solicited manuscripts, in this definition, include those which come from literary agents, through other authors already on the publisher's list, or through the friend of a friend.) An even more serious popular delusion is the idea that advertising makes best sellers: that a publisher has only to open the check book, turn on the faucet, and bingo, to the best seller lists. Every publisher will tell you, with anecdotes of books that succeeded and books that flopped (only you must regard the anecdotes in the latter category as confidential) that advertising sells a book *only* when the book is already selling. Something else must give it a start and then advertising will make it keep going. It is not true that the publisher who does the most advertising has the most best sellers; it is more likely to be true that the publisher who has the most best sellers does the most advertising. Seldom does a publisher alone make a best seller; occasionally, however, a best seller alone has been known to make a publisher, at least temporarily. But that's by the way.



"TO KEEP PACE WITH BOOKSTORE DEMAND"

The point that effective advertising accompanies sales instead of preceding sales is one that can be borne out by many case histories of best sellers in recent years. To return to our first case history, which

Next Week

THE FATE OF THE *GROSVENOR*
By JONATHAN LEE
Reviewed by Oliver LaFarge

BOUNDARY AGAINST NIGHT
By EDMUND GILLIGAN
Reviewed by Joseph F. Dinneen

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is "Anthony Adverse." The publishers say that the most important decision they ever made about the book was to publish it in one volume. It was written as a three-decker, and the original idea had been to issue a three-volume set in the grand Victorian manner. When you consider that in the present generation of publishing there has been only one novel running over one volume which has gone into the big sales figures—Dreiser's double-decker, "An American Tragedy"—there is no overestimating the importance of the one-volume format of "Anthony."

The first thing the publishers did after the book had been set in type was to send several hundred sets of proofs to booksellers throughout the country. Now booksellers are long-suffering in many ways, and they are constantly receiving proofs of forthcoming novels from sanguine publishers. They obviously cannot read everything they get; but "Anthony" was accompanied by an unusually persuasive letter, and in some cases by visits from the F. & R. salesmen. This was enough to make the booksellers begin the book: the book itself made them go on to the end. This was the first important fact in the merchandising of "Anthony." The book trade's response was genuine, and was backed up by cash money. During March the bookstores on the Pacific coast—the first ones to be called on by the publishers' salesmen—sent in orders totalling 1000 copies. This was a good beginning; it encouraged Farrar and Rinehart to make a large first printing—it sounded large at the time—of 7500 copies (the publication date was now set for May 22) and it provided a field for further promotion.

Further promotion consisted in large part of the usual methods: advance copies were sent to a large list of more or less important people; imprinted post cards were sent to booksellers, enabling their customers to "reserve their first edition in advance"; advertising was constantly continued in the trade journals. The copy in all these efforts stressed the importance, the literary value, the "classic" quality of the book, without trying to describe its contents; the general style was rather flossier than usual, with cards made up to look like engraved announcements. In addition to these "dealer helps," the publishers began trying to get the book talked about outside the trade. Hervey Allen wrote a short syllabus of the novel. F. & R. printed 1000 copies, distributed 650 to booksellers and reviewers, and sold the other 350, at ten cents each, to readers of *The Saturday Review*, through a two-column coupon ad which ran in the issue of April 8. Prepublication advertising of this kind is not unique, but it is unusual. Publishers as a rule dislike spending money to advertise a book until it is in the bookstores ready to be bought by readers of the advertisement.

In April came the first big break. The Book-of-the-Month Club, which had held "Anthony" over from the preceding month for further consideration, adopted it for the July selection. Now a Book-of-the-Month Club selection by no means guarantees a trade best seller; it had never presaged a success of "Anthony's" proportions ("Gone with the Wind" was to come exactly three years later). Few novels selected by the Club sell as many as 100,000 copies in the bookstores; some sell under 15,000. But if the Book Club selection does not necessarily make a best seller in the trade, unquestionably, like the forty cups of coffee consumed daily by the colored man ("Doesn't all that coffee keep you awake?"), it helps. It means a substantial sum of money paid to the publisher, part of which will inevitably be

"ANTHONY'S" FIRST APPEARANCE

available for advertising. More important, it means a large number of readers exposed to the book on publication date. If they like it, they talk about it. That creates interest—plows the field for the advertising department to sow. And a Book Club selection usually means that the publisher can substantially increase his advance orders from the trade. In this case F. & R. sold "Anthony" up to publication date on the basis of a $2.75 retail price, although the actual price was $3. This gave booksellers a bonus of twenty-five cents a copy ordered in advance.

So, what with one thing and another, "Anthony" came to publication day (June 26) with an advance sale in the bookstores of between 15,000 and 20,000 copies: a pretty fair advance, excellent for a depression year, and providing not the faintest indication of the super-colossal behemoth of a whatisit the book was to become. By this time the publishers had spent, on free copies, on trade paper ads, on circulars, engraved announcements, letters to booksellers and critics, on the syllabus, on various gadgets like badges for bookstore clerks to wear on June 26 announcing "Anthony's" birthday—on all these and other promotion ideas they had spent about $5000. Two vital points: (1) this sum was not appropriated in a lump, but grew in response to the book trade reception; (2) of the total amount, less than $200 had been spent in space advertising to the ultimate consumer.

The general advertising broke on publication day. The publishers wisely used very small ads in as many papers as possible. There were few competing ads at the time; thirty agate lines (about two inches) in each of the New York dailies, two columns each in the book review weeklies, was ample. This kind of advertising does not represent big money. Those who think that a best seller is made by full page ads in the *Times* (or, more grandiosely, in the *Saturday Evening Post*) will be surprised to learn that the first full page ad in the *Times Book Review* for "Anthony" did not run until August. The copy, meanwhile, had been kept to a minimum, mostly the title in large type and short quotes ("a titanic novel of adventure," "1200 pages of genuine pleasure") from the reviews. Other ads gave sales figures, which began at the rate of about 2000 copies a day. By July 26 the ads were saying "The ten best books of the year are the 1200 pages of 'Anthony Adverse.'" All this time there were no long-range schedules on "Anthony"; new advertising was decided upon two or three times a week, sometimes on several successive days, as the sales of the book piled up.

So far the book was selling on its prepublication build-up, on the enthusiasm of booksellers, on word-of-mouth advertising supplied by the first readers, including book club members, on enthusiastic reviews—nursed along by constant advertising, most of it in small space. Advertising followed sales. By September the size of the individual ads increased—more new books were being pushed than in the summer, and more space was needed to be effective against the increased competition. The book was now in a position to be sold by advertising. Through the summer and fall, it went at the rate of about 10,000 a week until November, increasing to 15,000 a week for the last two months of the year. Total for 1933, 275,000 copies.

From the beginning of 1934 on, "Anthony" was constantly advertised and special stunts were performed for it as the occasion demanded and as the publishers thought them up. Display signs persuaded booksellers to feature "Anthony" in their windows; a dozen different new jackets were made illustrating various episodes of the story; when the movie was under way, there was a tie-up, so called, with Warner Bros., the main item being a prize contest for correct predictions as to the cast of the picture. "Every time we did anything about 'Anthony,' no matter what," say the publishers, "the sales jumped." Total for 1934, 175,000 copies; for 1935, 65,000; for 1936, 63,000; 1937 (seven months) 24,000. In addition, there were separate sales of a two-volume illustrated edition; another two-volume edition without illustrations;

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVII, No. 13, January 22, 1938. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Magic of Semantics

THE TYRANNY OF WORDS. By Stuart Chase. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

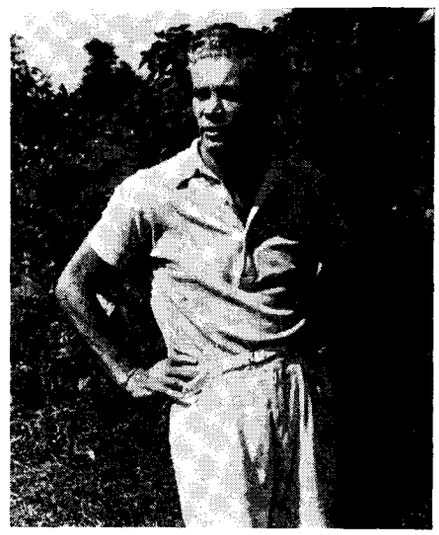
MR. STUART CHASE has discovered semantics, the science of meaning: he has found that he cannot put his hands on idealism or fascism as he can on his admirable cat, Hobie Baker. Korzybski, Thurman Arnold, P. W. Bridgman, I. A. Richards, and parts of Pareto have spoiled for him the world of blab in which as a reformer he has ranged so long and, in one sense, so profitably; but they have in compensation opened up for him a new world more delightful and presumably even more profitable, the world of precise, useful thinking in which the natural scientist has so long moved, and in which the social scientist, the theologian, the philosopher have been almost wholly strangers. From now on, before he announces that "fascism must be destroyed" he is going to hunt for the referents of "fascism," ask himself what fascism? where? how? and, being unable to give satisfactory answers to these questions, is just not going to announce that fascism must be destroyed. (On page 135, by the way, he none the less concludes of Hitler's "fraudulent concepts" that "sooner or later their falsity will destroy them"). *Magna est veritas, et praevalebit* —the referent is a slippery thing.

Let it be said at once that this is a stimulating and useful book, an effective popularization of the very important work of a number of men whose ideas have not to any great extent permeated into circles where Mr. Chase is habitually read. Mr. Chase is a first-rate teacher. He makes quite clear the method of Korzybski's general semantics, shows what Ogden and Richards mean by "referent," Bridgman by "operation," Arnold by "symbol." The point in general is simple enough. When you say "this is a cat," you can produce the referent, Hobie Baker; when you say "this is idealism" you probably can't produce the referent. Armed with this method, Mr. Chase ranges through the philosophers, logicians, economists, politicians, and political thinkers, slaughtering with great gusto their favorite abstractions, personifications, and other blabs. For good measure, he throws in an appendix of examples of beautiful thinking, beginning in touching penitence with an example from the Stuart Chase of 1933, before conversion.

THURMAN W. ARNOLD
Mr. Chase shows what he meant by "symbol." (See also page 7.)

He has the zeal and the rosy hopes of the convert. Failure to improve the world is to him essentially a failure in communication among men. Semantics promises an adequate means of such communication. Therefore a wide use of semantics will improve the world. This is, of course, a syllogism out of old-fashioned logic, and therefore suspect, but it looks to this reviewer as though Mr. Chase has here made use of a form of blab. It is true that Mr. Chase is, save in unguarded moments, very careful to point out that semantics is in its infancy, that even if we all become semanticians, Utopia won't be just around the corner. But in his skillful hands semantics begins to sound a little like magic. One fears that for some of his readers it will be a kind of parlor magic, even more upsetting than the kind produced by the Freudians. It's going to be pretty tough on some of us when our friends start hunting for our referents as unsparingly as they used to hunt for our complexes.

It seems unlikely that Mr. Chase has found the complete solution for the troubles that beset one who is trying to study men in society as the natural scientist studies atoms or chromosomes. The staring, obvious fact is that words like "truth" and "idealism" are in constant, everyday use, and that they seem to correspond to something that goes on inside us. Presumably "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" is semantically and operationally meaningless. It was pretty meaningless even to the late Irving Babbitt, who would not have been impressed with semantics. But try and tell a sixteen-year-old who has just discovered Keats that it is meaningless! As a matter of fact, those meaningless words probably stir up some emotion in Mr. Chase. In his present state of mind, this would seem to be disgust, or amused contempt, but the point is that the emotion is a part of his behavior, something that the social scientist has got to study. By a very great effort, we can perhaps come somewhere near looking objectively at the relations between these grand, booming abstractions and human sentiments in others, and even in ourselves. Then we can go to work on them the way the student of semantics goes to work. But we mustn't start in with a moral crusade to remove the sentiments entirely.



STUART CHASE

Mr. Chase himself admits that "simile, metaphor, poetry are legitimate and useful methods of communication, provided that speaker and hearer are conscious that they are being employed." This opens a door wide enough to permit even metaphysics to squeeze in somehow. The most famous of metaphors perhaps is Plato's image of the cave, and there are few who are not aware that Plato is using a metaphor. Now what do these methods of communication effect? For one thing, a sharing of emotions among communicants that so far mathematics and the language of the exact scientist cannot achieve. For another thing, a rough description of things experienced, of the external world, of referents, if you like, that again cannot at present be described in terms of mathematics and the language of the exact scientist. If you say that Wilson, like Robespierre, was a great idealist, you say something which is in one sense close to Mr. Chase's "blab." But, in addition to annoying the worshippers of Wilson, which is always a gain, you manage somehow to communicate to others some useful notions of uniformities in the behavior of these two statesmen. You will do well to expand the statement, of course, avoiding blab as much as possible, but even in its naked form the statement is not nonsense.

We return to our main theme, that in semantics the reforming Mr. Chase has apparently sought for, and found, just another bit of reforming magic. One of the most difficult tasks on this earth is to describe something without wanting to change it, or at least without letting your wanting to change it affect your description. The successful scientist, and the successful artist, the successful novelist, do bring off this miracle of description. The rest of us flounder about, confusing our hopes and our fears with what we are trying to describe, and end up in that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VILFREDO PARETO

bewildered world of compromise where beauty is truth, and truth beauty, the world of high-powered abstractions. For those who read him carefully, Mr. Chase will help make clearer some of the difficulties encountered by the economist or the sociologist who is trying to do as good a job as the best scientists and the best novelists and poets have done. But he has certainly not overcome those difficulties himself. He is somewhat in the position of a man who, having prayed God for rain and not got it, has come to the conclusion that meteorology is more usefully concerned with rain than is theology; but he still wants to make it rain, and is busily engaged in shooting high-explosive bombs into the upper air. Well, semantics is a good bomb, but it still looks like a long dry spell.

Crane Brinton is associate professor of history at Harvard. See page 21 for biographical note on Stuart Chase.

From Babbitt to Cornplow

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

LEWIS'S nose for news has led him to a topic of which we are likely to hear a good deal in the next few years; the jacket calls it "the revolt of the parents against the revolt of youth" but it takes in rather more than that. As his protagonist meditates:

> Women have for decades been revolting against the restrictions of men and the home. . . . Now the children were revolting. . . . Perhaps next would come, perhaps there was already coming, secret and dangerous, the Revolt of the Men; they would admit how sick they were of the soft and scented cushions of women, of women's nervous reminders that pipe ashes didn't belong on the floor; perhaps they would go off to monasteries and fishing camps (much the same thing) and leave their wives and children flat.

Thus after three quarters of a century the anti-Bazaroff, after half a century the anti-Nora; but Lewis's hero is too wise to expect any "miracle of miracles" that will produce an early synthesis. He only thinks that "nobody ought to expect any sacrifice from anybody else," and that in about ten thousand years, with luck, the human race may get over the habit of being unselfish and cursing about it.

The fact can no longer be concealed that this spokesman is Frederick William Cornplow, motor car dealer of a city in upstate New York. One who reads in the morning paper of Judge Fred L. Wham must admit that people can be named anything; but a novelist, unlike the average individual, can pick out any name he likes, and Lewis used to have an instinct for names that fit. That instinct was not working when he wrote this novel; nor were some others. A reviewer properly respectful of the author of "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith" is inclined to concentrate on the philosophy of "The Prodigal Parents" because the philosophy, with some exceptions, is good sense and likely to be useful to many people, old and young; whereas the novel that embodies it, as a novel, is pretty poor.

Fred Cornplow, Lewis tells us, is the most important man in the world. "He has, at times, been too noisy or too prosy; he has now and then thought more of money than of virtue and music; but he has been the eternal doer; equally depended upon—and equally hated—by the savage mob and by the insolent nobility." Also, Lewis adds, sometimes his name has been pronounced Babbitt. Well, if Cornplow is Babbitt he is Babbitt transfigured; that corruptible has put on incorruption and succeeded at things of which Babbitt dared only to dream. Babbitt never did anything he wanted to do; but Fred, driven wild by the exactions of a snooty daughter, a worthless son, and a horde of poor relations, did pick up and go. For he had more courage and resolution than Babbitt; also a good deal more money; and enough shrewdness, or luck, to bring about a happy ending all round. Babbitt, by comparison, was what astrologers call the undeveloped type.

But the novel that embodied his history was the best of a decade, and a good decade. Lewis always slapped on the satire with a trowel but in the old days it usually stuck; not so often, this time. Much space is given to the dabblings of young Sara Cornplow in communism. The communist organizer is not a comic-strip type but an individual, unusual yet thoroughly valid; every incident of his dealings with the bourgeoisie could be corroborated by evidence; yet it does not sound true when Lewis tells it. The material is all right but the total effect of these chapters is only a counter-revolutionary atrocity. Elsewhere the average is better, but only a paragraph or a page, now and then, is the old Lewis. The wisdom in this book—and there is quite a lot of it, scattered around—would have been more effective in a volume of essays.

Scribner's announces for February an article by Lewis on "What Happens to Our Writers?" It ought to be worth reading; for the blight has fallen not only on Lewis and Hemingway who were our best but on all their generation, great and small; nor do the Steinbecks and McIntyres, however worthy, seem adequate substitutes. Maybe it is only the working of the Second Law of Thermodynamics but one cannot help hoping that somebody can think of something to do about it.

Men's Generations

BY SHIRLEY BARKER

MEN'S generations lift their feeble stem
Immortally, much to the planets' wonder,
The stars' indifference. There is in them
Fibre of oaks hewn down and trodden under;
Tenacity of fog on a dark shingle;
The inarticulateness of wind and rain;
Patience of fields wherein they look to mingle,
Intimate dust with dust that grows again
Up a green stalk.
Men's generations quiver
Before what storm of stars? Go down before
What heaven's gust? Streams from a deathless river
Into their hushed roots pour.
Earth from unmeasured mountains feeds their growing
Perennially. Under the blade of time
Fall the bright flowers of all purer sowing,
But not the generations as they climb.
Mist out of chaos blurs the leaf's appearance,
Seldom the sun of vision warms the tree
That has no power beyond the perseverance
To lift a feeble stem immortally.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First of Its Kind

A HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS MAN. By Miriam Beard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by THURMAN W. ARNOLD

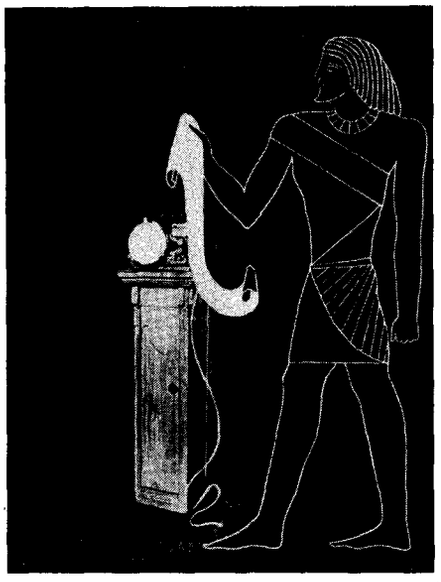
MIRIAM BEARD has deftly removed a large section from what has hitherto been regarded as the province of economic theory and presented it as a fascinating historical narrative. The result is an extremely important book which contains little reference to the quasi-mechanical economic principles of any school, and which emphasizes the political, personal, and psychological factors which are always the controlling influences in any form of social organization. The author has been able to accomplish this because she regards business organizations as a type of political institution and not as a process by which men accumulate property and money. The essential characteristic of business organizations throughout the ages has been the absence of a priestly or aristocratic tradition. Its ranks have been recruited from intensely practical people, efficient in seizing power because of their talents as organizers, but without any philosophy of social responsibility which tells them what to do with the power after they have acquired it.

In the history of such organizations lies the whole story of the mass production and distribution of goods. These are the institutions by which men have actually lived whenever they have escaped from the farm and into the comforts of cities. Mass production of goods and international trade and finance have never been the result of free intercourse between independent individuals, each working for his own profit. They are the products of complex organizations which have developed in similar patterns in every age—just as religious organizations develop similarly in all cultures, and just as armies are alike in attitudes and disciplines.

Yet the history of the business man as a comprehensive theme from the days of ancient Greece to the present has been neglected by historians. It has been assumed to be an automatic response to some sort of economic law. Business power has been considered as wealth, and wealth has been thought of as the ownership of property. This has obscured the fact that the very rich men of every time have actually been in control of political units, not personal property. A king who enlisted Fugger the rich on his side was not thought of as entering into a political alliance with an independent economic principality, but as borrowing money. Yet, as the author points out:

> No king of Europe had such a news-gathering system as Fugger and Gresham perfected. No king dared to lay taxation without restraint or representation upon his restive towns and nobles; if he had tried it he could not have collected the taxes without a competent bureaucracy and, in those times, the only good bureaucrats were those watched by the shrewd eye of Fugger.

This was in the sixteenth century, yet even today prices charged by great industrial organizations for necessities like food, clothing, or building are not regarded as a form of taxation; corporations are thought of as persons, and not governments; the stock exchange appears as a place where personal property is bought and sold; and the intrigues and alliances by which financial power is extended all over the world is considered as borrowing, subject to certain automatic laws which control credit. Such attitudes toward business organizations exclude them from the field of history, which is ordinarily concerned with political units. It is probably for this reason that until



FROM THE JACKET OF "A HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS MAN"

Miriam Beard's present work there was no comprehensive history of the business man.

From any point of view, historical, literary, or philosophical, this book is a superb achievement. It holds the interest of the reader from the start. Although it is over seven hundred pages in length, there is a complete elimination of unessential detail. The business personalities of the past are presented without a detailed chronology of their lives but with the rapid development of a drama. They show themselves sufficiently to give us a picture of the tastes, displays, disciplines, and habits of the organizations which they lead, and then move on to make room for others. The publishers advertise the book as a "biography of a type," rather than of individuals. It would be more accurate to say that it is the biography of an institutional personality which has appeared in different clothes in every era.

Throughout the book there is a running comparison with familiar business institutions and habits of our own day which serves as a sort of standard, and gives the study of each epoch a practical modern significance. The same sort of difficulties are constantly repeating themselves. For example, the issuance of foreign credits to sovereigns who subsequently discovered sound moral reasons for repudiation reminds one of our own foreign bond issues to South American countries since the war. The notion that only those nations which had balanced their budgets could obtain credit from business men seems to have had as little force in the seventeenth as in the twentieth century.

> Even the great Fuggers, though they steered a middle course, failed toward the middle of the seventeenth century; they could not get out of Spain even after her second bankruptcy in 1575 had disclosed some thirty-seven millions of ducats in debts on the royal books, and almost trivial assets. Hoping and lending, bribing courtiers and indeed the king's confessor, the Fuggers clung to the wreck, until at last they went under themselves for eight million gulden.

An interesting annotation to our own foreign bond issues is found in the fact that in 1557 the king of Spain was hopelessly bankrupt. "Yet the blind business men went on lending to him until Spain was bankrupt a second time."

The problem of monopoly is inherent in the growth of business organization. Anti-trust agitation in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, had about the same measure of effectiveness as today. Speaking of the business structure of Florence the author writes:

> Such guilds were states within states. The city government could not interfere with them to regulate prices or wages. At times it did indeed struggle, though in vain, against their monopolistic practices. . . .

In spite of its ability to build monopolies the business organization could seldom stay in power long. The business man lacked any sense of social responsibility. Further than that he had no priestly ritual which concealed the selfishness of his aims.

It is impossible to give an adequate picture of this book in a review. The conflict today between business government and national government is the confused one which always exists between a priestly and a practical institution. In this book the history of such conflicts are described in a brilliant and an objective way. A study of that history will not give us the answer to our problems. But it will at least show us that the problem concerns the building of an adequate organization, not the worry over formulas or principles.

Thurman Arnold is the author of "The Folklore of Capitalism" and "The Symbols of Government." He is on the faculty of the Yale Law School.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1938, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

The Test of Time

FROM last week's Bowling Green: "Joe Miller, for whom the Jest Book was named, died 200 years ago this year. Has anyone ever seen the book itself? It's probably terrible." Also from last week's Bowling Green: "Gesso, we learned from our favorite pangnostic, Old Bill Benét, is the artist's word for gypsum: a sort of scholar-gypsum."

Why, yes, we've seen "Joe Miller's Jests: or The Wit's Vade-Mecum," and, in spite of the evidence, are willing to accept the Bowling Green's assurance that Mr. Morley has not. The title page describes it as "A Collection of the most Brilliant JESTS; the Politest REPARTEES; the most Elegant BONS MOTS, and most pleasant short Stories in the *English* Language." The two editor's vade-mecums on our desk disagree about its authorship. One fathers it on John Mottley, a lugubrious dramatist. The other ascribes it to Joe Miller himself, a minor actor at Drury Lane, who is traditionally supposed to have been illiterate and to have learned his sides by having them read to him. But what the title page says is "First carefully collected in the Company, and many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious GENTLEMAN, whose Name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable friend and former Companion, *Elijah Jenkins*, Esq."

The book is inscribed *"To those* CHOICE SPIRITS *of the* AGE, Captain BODENS, Mr. ALEXANDER POPE, Mr. Professor LACY, Mr. Orator HENLEY, and JOB BARKER, the Kettle-Drummer." It was "Printed and Sold by T. READ, in *Dogwell-Court, White-Fryars, Fleet-Street.*" It was published in 1739, the year after Joe Miller's death, and at once secured his immortality. How many times it was reprinted during the next hundred years, pirated, counterfeited, no one, probably, has ever counted. A collection at Widener Library which makes no pretense of being complete must number scores. There are Joe Millers of every age and kind, even American ones—with Daniel Boone uttering quips in balanced St. James's prose which Joe attributed to Congreve but which had reached the Phoenicians at second hand. Witty *ripostes* which Miller put in Dryden's mouth, ignorant that Aristophanes had once had Aeschylus say them, are mentioned as originating among the wits who gathered at Pfaff's, our first Village Café —Fitz-James O'Brien, George Morris, a dozen other mad wags when there was another new day in American literature.

It is too bad that "Joe Miller" has come to mean such a pun as we quote from Mr. Morley. For the point about the immortal Jest Book is not that it collected some bad jokes but that it dipped into the common pool of the world's humor and proved that it exists outside of time altogether. Nothing is older than a joke and there are neither new jokes nor invented ones. "Old Mæonides the blind said it three thousand years ago," not Mr. Kaufman or Miss Parker this morning, and he was innocently quoting his ancestors when he said it. It was good then and it's good now. When we have worn it to shreds it will lapse to the comedians who fill in between the strip-tease acts at the burlesque show (where all jokes are good and demonstrate the survival of the fittest), and when the Apollo Theater is done with it, it will turn up in the works of Robert Forsythe, where it will still be good.

It was Doctor Johnson who, being asked to make a pun extempore, inquired "Pun what subject?" and, when the King was suggested, said, "The King, Sir, is no subject." Was it? The first edition of Joe Miller, ascribes the latter half to "Daniel Purcel, the famous Punster." Oldsters among you will remember Bert Leston Taylor's long pursuit of the Valve-Handle Wheeze, the letter of complaint to which a postcript is appended noting that the valve-handle has been found. B. L. T. knew that the wheeze had originated with the dawn-man and classified its variations by genera and species. Joe Miller's number 47 reads: "An *Irish* Lawyer of the *Temple,* having occasion to go to Dinner, left these Directions written, and put in the Key-Hole of his Chamber-Door, *I am gone to the* Elephant *and* Castle, *where you shall find me;* and if *you can't read this Note, carry it down to the Stationer's, and he will read it for you.*" That is a mutation of the Valve-Handle Wheeze, and it was scratched on clay and brushed on papyrus before the time of Mæonides. It is also, if you prefer a different taxonomy, a species of Irish bull, but who made the bulls before they were Irish?

Why yes, the Jest Book is "terrible." But one has a recurrent notion that the most terrible jokes are the best ones—like the common people whom Lincoln (and who else?) said God must love, since He had made so many of them. If a terrible joke isn't a good one why do people like it so much, why does it outlast the diuturnity of our reliques, why does it carry an April freshness from Noah's time to ours? Stop us if you've heard Joe Miller's number 82: "Two gentlemen disputing about Religion, in *Button's Coffee-House,* said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of Religion, when I'll hold you five Guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer,* done, said the other, and Sir *Richard Steele* shall hold stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began with *I believe in God,* and so went cleverly thro' the *Creed;* well, said the other, I own I have lost; *I did not think he could have done it.*" This item furnishes the revues with half a dozen blackouts a year, always wowing the audience, and the editors had a fine time with it recently when Mr. Roosevelt remarked that the Constitution guaranteed everyone the right to the pursuit of happiness.

Number 22: "A Gentleman eating some Mutton that was very tough, said, it put him in Mind of an old *English* Poet; Being asked who that was; *Chau—cer,* replied he." That is a gesso story for the Bowling Green, which should cheerfully abide the violence to its favorite poet. Number 103: "The Emperor *Augustus,* being shewn a young *Grecian,* who very much resembled him, asked the young Man if his *Mother* had not been in *Rome;* No, Sir, answered the *Grecian* but my *Father* has." That one has rippled through history since the first tribes stormed the Caucasus and they whisper it in Rome today about a ten-cent emperor. Probably the Bowling Green has found it in Troy, and you may test your upbringing by spotting it in the Old Testament. Number 232 has floated just as freely through literature, with its dying squire telling his coachman that he was setting out on the longest journey he had ever taken and the coachman reassuring him that it was all downhill. Joe Miller's mild bawdry, too, is but something he accepted from the ages with one hand and passed on to us with the other. If the burleycues and the revues dramatize dozens of his anecdotes every year, Mr. Peter Arno can recognize his own handiwork in Number 164, and *Esquire* would have to run at least four blank pages a month if number 108 should be forbidden the mails.

There are no property rights in jokes. They are literature's communism, as free to all of us as the weather, as much a part of the common wealth. Just once in Joe Miller's book one wishes that this were not so, and that it were truly Rabelais who, after receiving Extreme Unction, said that he was ready for his journey now, since "they have just greased my boots." Joe Miller, number 26: one more wheeze, one more immortal bad joke. There are a lot of them like that, in Joe Miller and in other repositories of legend, nonchalant but not too original defiances flung at the dark from deathbeds. This one unquestionably originated when the darkness gathered outside a Dordogne cave, but it should have been Rabelais', who loved equally bad jokes and the eternal, as if he found them—and the darkness—a little difficult to distinguish.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Three Letters on "Reporting Russia"*

From Ella Winter

SIR:—I notice that Eugene Lyons does not relish being attacked either for his book or his character, but he is quite lavish with such attack himself. Having put up with his self-protective abuse of other journalists as most of us have because he wasn't worth replying to, I think now it is time to set your readers right on two points of fact in Lyons's somewhat shamefaced tirade in your recent issue. (The whole article was full of misstatements which would take too much space to set right.)

I doubt Lyons read the books he reviews; if he did, it must have been with most of his attention focused on what wisecracking adjectives he could apply to them afterwards. That there was nothing "highpitched" or even faintly "mystical" in the attitude of Lincoln Steffens toward the Russian revolution I need hardly tell even your latter-day readers. His first article on the Revolution (printed, strangely enough, in Hearst's Sunday *American*, in 1918) started out—I quote from memory—"Soviet Russia owns and controls all those businesses which in the United States find it necessary to buy privileges . . ." a conclusion based on twenty years of painstaking research into American life. Nothing very "romantic" about that, is there?

My own book, "Red Virtue," which the *New Yorker* described as a "Russian Middletown," was primarily sociological analysis, and it happens I was a trained sociologist quite as long as Mr. Lyons was (in his own terms) a "newspaper prostitute." I should like Mr. Lyons to quote any phrase from that book which makes its author appear as a "press agent of the enthroned regime," "dazzled by power," "embarrassed in manner" or "squeezing out a formula."

I really think, Mr. Editor, that some of us have used our eyes, ears, intelligences, and former experience quite as scientifically in the Soviet Union as Mr. Lyons claims to have used his. And it seems funny, don't you think, for a journalist to whom newspapering, in his own evaluation, is a combination of "champagne and atrocity stories," to have to attack the integrity of men who honored their craft with hard work, honesty, and a high idealism, men like John Reed, Arthur Ransome, Walter Duranty, Lincoln Steffens?

ELLA WINTER.

New York City.

(Ella Winter is the widow of Lincoln Steffens.—Ed.)

From Maurice Hindus

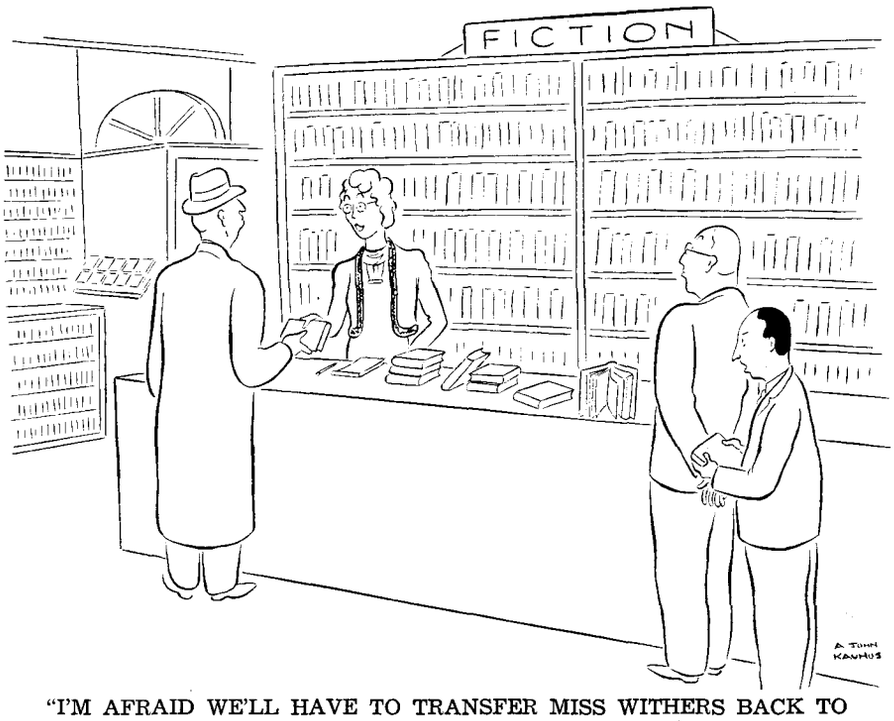
SIR:—In his piece, "Reporting Russia," which appeared in your issue of December 26, Mr. Eugene Lyons asserts that I was admitted into the Soviet Union in 1933 "on the understanding that he would stay away from his native village, which was in the heart of the stricken (famine) region."

Of the two statements contained in this sentence, neither is true. The Soviet authorities at no time whatever, including 1933, asked me to "stay away" from my native village. Furthermore, this village was not in the heart of the "stricken region." It had no famine in 1933. To my knowledge, it has never had a famine in all its history. Only one totally ignorant of Russian agriculture could talk that way about an area which, because of climatic conditions, has always managed to have either a good fall or a good spring crop, hence never a complete crop failure. Indeed, during the great famine of 1920 people from Moscow and Leningrad came to this allegedly "stricken region" to get bread, cheese, and potatoes.

This is only one example of Mr. Lyons's method of "reporting Russia."

MAURICE HINDUS.

New York City.



"I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO TRANSFER MISS WITHERS BACK TO BIOGRAPHIES. SHE'S ALWAYS SAYING, 'IT READS LIKE A NOVEL' "

Mr. Lyons Replies

SIR:—In my article on books about Russia I wrote: "In the early books—those of John Reed, Albert Rhys Williams, Bessie Beatty, Louise Bryant, Lincoln Steffens, Arthur Ransome, *et al.*—we had a romantic, almost lyrical acceptance of the revolution. The facts, no matter how harsh, were usually admitted and assimilated in the high-pitched, almost mystical vision of a new world in the agony of revolutionary birth." They wrote, I added, as "inspired prophets of an embattled revolution."

This was intended as a high compliment, and it *is* a compliment. The passion and lyricism and prophetic strain of the early pro-Soviet books seem to me altogether admirable. The integrity and idealism of the early commentators, as contrasted with their present-day apologists for the Kremlin's errors and crimes, was precisely the point of my story.

Indeed, Miss Winter's "Red Virtue" is an apt illustration of my thesis. Whatever her credentials as a sociologist, her picture of Russia in 1933 seems to me grotesquely out of focus. At a time of fearful national suffering, famine, and terror she prattles cheerfully in the style of an Intourist copy-writer: "The worker knows the country belongs to him. There is a swing to his gait that betrays his consciousness of it." . . . "It's not done in the Soviet Union to perform work merely for the sake of money or other material rewards. . . . To make a career has become a necessary and a praiseworthy ambition in Western society. In the Soviet Union it isn't done." . . . She asks a smelter in the Red Putilov factory what he's working for and solemnly records his answer: "For World Revolution, to make the workers of the world free," never realizing that he was pulling another lady tourist's leg. The smelter didn't tell her that there had been a sit-down strike at the Red Putilov on account of food shortage.

Only space limitations prevent further sampling of this naively jejune stuff. At the time of its publication the book seemed humorous. Time has turned it pathetic: so many of the people she quotes have been liquidated; so many of the artists she glorifies have been silenced; so many of the attitudes toward family, sex, abortions, etc., over which she exults have become counter-revolutionary. Miss Winter would do better to forget the book than to challenge people to read it.

Her breezy reference to my alleged "self-protective abuse of other journalists" is sheer nonsense. In my strictures on the trade of journalism I have never exempted myself, which automatically

(Continued on page 21)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pukka Sahibs of the Post War Era

THE SWORD AND THE ROSE. By A. W. Smith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

PERSONALLY, I take great satisfaction now and then in what I should call an old-fashioned novel, containing characters that you can unqualifiedly love or dislike, that you are *meant* to love or dislike, and a story in which the plot asks for no benefit of clergy. Nor does Mr. Smith's vigorous story suffer, in my estimation, from being a sequel to Kipling's stories of the British Army in India. The pleasure from those romantic narratives of cockneys, countrymen, *pukka sahibs,* and rotters, in the heat of the hills, is too keenly remembered not to leave behind it curiosity as to what it has all been like since the Great War.

And here is a well-conducted story of a famous regiment sent back to the barracks and the mess room and tiger hunting and the cruel knives and sniping of the Pathans, with all its old-world traditions, and a cargo of new post-war world recruits, in an India which natives are beginning to rule. Mr. Smith is no Forster. Subtle implications of race relationships interest him only as relief to his very English story. He has gone back to the traditions of Thackeray and Jane Austen. He takes society—the officers of the regiment, their wives, their servants, the soldiers—and makes his story what seemed to them to be their story. Granted a dominating environment, given a set of diverse and interesting characters, what happened?—that is an old, good formula.

The result is no contribution to the art of fiction, but is certainly good reading. Colonel Plant and young Mansfield and Reyne the baronet's son, and Carnac the adjutant are of the old stock. Let alone, they would have made such a story as "The Man Who Was." But they are not left alone. Here is Pribram, a cheap bourgeois with all the faults and none of the virtues of the middle class, and Boyhett with a hole in his head from the Great War and a rage neurosis, and Vivori the hard, lean tiger hunter, whose "Anglo-Saxon" ideals turn to self-destruction when he falls in love with the post-war Russian princess, the wife of Reyne his friend, and Hord, who is the old, stupid army incarnate, a type of the stiff minds who drove their tens of thousands to death in the mud of the Somme. And the army mess, seen this way, is a struggle for survival and adaptation, in which the ritual of dinner is a symbol, and the vulgarity of the new type of officers is a symbol, and the clash of the women and the relations with the natives symbols also.

Mr. Smith's sympathies are truly English. They are with character, mixed with more brains than pre-war life demanded. He knows how he wants his story to come out, which is a handicap to realism but a great advantage for a novelist and for a novelist's readers. Reality and realism in the sense of a vivid background are not lacking, however. The fight of the lost platoons on Takki Zarn is a relief in its mobile excitement after so many episodes of trench warfare. And if India itself is only heat and flies and an occasional native, the Bombay Pribram sees when full of pink short ones is quite as raw as Hemingway. In brief, if you like a novel which deals not with ideas or with the subconscious or with the disintegration of personality, but with a life, and with firmly grasped types in that life, and with dramatic happening, and with pathos, tensity, and humor, here is a good book. And while its method of telling is nineteenth century (not necessarily a criticism), its informed and skillful picture of army life in the twenties is probably as "true" as the tales told by those who regard personality as a collection of parasites on a core of behaviorism.

See page 21 for biographical note on A. W. Smith.

Streamlined Bluebird

THE WILD GOOSE CHASE. By Rex Warner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is, to speak in the manner of Polonius, a satirical allegorical fantastical novel. The symbolism of the Wild Goose is, wisely, never made too clear, but, since it attracts every sort of man, it may be called a modern version of the Blue Bird, happiness. And there at once is an indication of the haunting quality of the book. Surely nobody, no matter how much he gave himself up to superficial sentiment, ever really wanted to follow a bluebird; but when the wild geese pass honking overhead, they stir a primitive impulse beyond reason to follow them. "There is no excellent beauty without some strangeness in the proportion," and no excellent happiness either. The quest of the Wild Goose, at the beginning, attracts three brothers, who stand for three types of character, two of which recall the standing joke at the English universities that one is either a "Hearty" or an "Art-y." Rudolph is a satiric portrait of the strong, silent, pukka-sahib empire-builder, with a strong sense of duty (especially to the White Man's Burden) and not much intellect; David is the bright young intellectual of Bloomsbury and Chelsea, with too much cleverness for his own good and not enough morality. Fortunately, the English joke is libelous; there is everywhere a "saving third," represented by the youngest brother, George, the average man of good will.

REX WARNER

The three brothers set out separately for the country where the Wild Goose is to be found, and we soon discover that, nowadays at least, the Wild Goose Chase must be not only a Pilgrim's Progress, but a Holy War. For in this land, the City governs and oppresses the Country. The brothers follow their search in characteristic ways. Rudolph is for a time completely self-deceived; this country is not England, therefore the people must be "natives"; therefore it must be that he conquers them; and just as Don Quixote felt that his adventures must be those proper to a knight-errant, Rudolph interprets all his experiences as those of a conqueror, in as bitterly funny a piece of writing as has appeared in a long time. David, the Bloomsbury brilliant, comes to terms with the best people in the City; at the trifling cost of an operation such as they have all undergone to make him an hermaphrodite, he is admitted to their Convent, where they pursue sensation for its own sake, and is even admitted to their worship of the Wild Goose—only the Wild Goose in the Convent is stuffed. And George leads a revolt against the City, which is remarkably exciting reading.

For it is the peculiar virtue of this book that it is so vivid that its probable impossibilities are more thrilling than the improbable possibilities of the professed thriller. And in the same way, it appeals to connoisseurs of terror in scene after scene of horrible hedonism; and yet, since the author is so plainly on the side of the Angels and of the men of good will to whom they sang, it has the rare quality of being macabre without being morbid. I know of only one other book that has exactly this nightmare quality, of being absurd and yet alarming, and that is Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday." It is a sad comparison to make, of the powerful gaiety of that book with the powerful astringence of this, showing how far we have come in bitterness; and yet they have more in common than their fantastic fears.

See page 21 for biographical note on Rex Warner.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boys in Britain

THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE. By Sir John Squire. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.

A SON OF SCOTLAND. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by IVOR BROWN

SIR JOHN SQUIRE has taken the title of his book from a vaudeville song which was popular during his boyhood. Like everybody else he has gone in search of his youth, much of which was spent in a state of intellectual hoboism. He used to walk from Cambridge to Devonshire with books of verse, jugs of beer, no funds, and queer company. Why not walk again? So Sir John sets out from London with a pack on his back and, with occasional lifts in motor cars, reaches his goal in the deep south of England's now heavily macadamized and motor-stinking land.

Sir John is the kind of person who knows everybody, and England is a very small country. He has broken more appointments and kept more friends than any man in his time. If the proper author of a book of reminiscences is the most forgetful, he is the man for it. Naturally when he set out over Putney Heath (the Swinburne Country) he had every temptation to turn aside and seek those old comrades of his—with their nice English houses and their even nicer unearned incomes—and so forget the dust of the day amid the wine of the night. He seems to have resisted temptation quite a lot and modestly records drinking "a sherry" with so-and-so after a long day's tramping. The "a sherry" is charming. But it confirms one's opinion that this is a book of illusions as well as of observations.

It has great attractions, for the simple reason that it represents the collision of two most attractive forces or entities, namely Sir John Squire, vagabond, and the deep south of England encountered in high summer. The author did not make the mistake of walking straight. He made upwards as far as Bath before he tumbled on the Old School, Blundell's of Tiverton, where the sturdy men of Devon have always sent their boys from the age of Blackmore's John Ridd to that of Mr. C. E. M. Joad. During this trek Sir John thought about and regarded a number of things, and he has set them all down, from poetry to ornithology and politics to public houses. He does not so much take traditional views of verse and virtue as brandish them. If you like a genial mixture of theory and topography, of grumbling and gossip and of praising the Lord, of cursing the sad cacophonists of the modern Muse and of rejoicing in old wine, old song, and old stone houses, then here is your book.

Mr. Bruce Lockhart, also hunting boyhood, is far more faithful to his quest. The author of "British Agent" is a pure Scot, half Highlander, half Lowlander, who was educated solely in Scotland and received his schooling in fairly hard schools. He is no complainer, for he comes of a sturdy breed whose ideal was ever to mingle the palms of scholarship with the laurels of the football-field. His family have been mighty players of the game, winter and summer, and he has much to say of fearful struggles on the muddy field of football and the scorched turf of the cricketer.

His book has a far more limited interest than Sir John Squire's and one can imagine the American reader being baffled by its long accounts of schooling in a strange and far-off place. But the book, within its limits, is just in its survey of a particular kind of training and graphic in

Elliott & Fry
SIR JOHN SQUIRE

its disciplined portrayal of the gray Scottish scene. There are accounts of the holidays in the Highlands as well as of the school-terms on the windy East Coast and in the noble city of Edinburgh, which Mr. Bruce Lockhart was shrewd enough to appreciate when young. There is also some hard commentary on the collapse of the Highland economy and the Highland habit of life. The former has been destroyed by the difficulties of the small farmer and fisherman and by the temptation to live on rich and alien sportsmen: the latter has been menaced by the standardizing forces of radio, the motor, the cinema, the newspaper, and the ability to draw "relief" money instead of inventing new jobs. Sir John Squire offers a most personal and colorful view of England: he spreads himself with all the fanciful exuberance of a great enjoyer of things. Mr. Bruce Lockhart keeps his nose to the granite grindstone. The subject forbade an exuberant or aromatic treatment. It demanded good black-and-white and has received it. If the Scottish character is a mystery in your eyes, this may unfold it. It will also encourage many to thank destiny for not sending them to school in Scotland.

Ivor Brown, dramatic critic and leader writer for the Manchester Guardian *and author of numerous books, has recently been on a visit to this country.*

Rightist Reports

CORRESPONDENT IN SPAIN. By Edward H. Knoblaugh. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1937. $2.50.

SPANISH REHEARSAL. By Arnold Lunn. The same.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. THOMSON

THESE two books will be greeted with most enthusiasm by Franco sympathizers. One comes from an American journalist, the other from an English literary man; and the former has done by far the more creditable job. Knoblaugh was an Associated Press correspondent in Madrid from early 1933 until the spring of 1937. He saw eight months of the war from the Loyalist side, before difficulties with the censor led to his leaving Spain. He fell from favor, according to his story, by violating two principal taboos forbidding reference to foreign aid received by the Loyalists and to factional strife among their forces. In his book he now evens the score with the censorship by giving considerable space to the seamy side of affairs in Loyalist Spain. He presents a vivid account of "liquidation" in Madrid during the early anarchic days of the conflict, when thousands of Right-wing supporters, including numerous priests and nuns, were rounded up by unofficial execution squads and summarily shot. The war bred an acute fear of espionage, and he reports agents of the Investigation Brigade or "Spanish Cheka" as lurking everywhere. The socialization drive gave opportunity for war racketeers to prey on those whose sympathy with the government might be open to some suspicion. Goods and valuables confiscated from Rightists were at times appropriated for private use.

Thus the slant of the book may in part be due to a determination to unload what the censors had previously refused to let pass. With his departure from Spain, Knoblaugh is in a "now it can be told" position. But he eschews indignation and denunciation and writes in the hard-headed and matter-of-fact style of a newspaper man who has been around. He is apparently not so much pro-Franco as he is anti-Loyalist. What bias he has appears rather in relative emphasis and choice of facts than in specific statements; although, for example, his assertion that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

110,000 foreigners are fighting with the Loyalists is at wide variance with the figures of 15,000-20,000 given by other reputable correspondents.

It may be worth noting that Knoblaugh fails to buttress the charge so often made by Franco supporters, that the rebellion was forced by the imminent threat of a revolt from the Left. He saw anonymous sheets announcing July 29 as "the day for the Red Revolution's launching," but with other journalists apparently did not credit them. He believes that the assassination of Calvo Sotelo, not fear of a "communist" plot, actually set off the rebellion. In addition, he presents evidence indicating that Right groups had plans under way three months before the outbreak of the Franco revolt. In May, 1936, he received a tip from Gil Robles, the Catholic leader, which revealed that the Rightists had at that time set the middle of August as the date for their movement.

Shortly before Knoblaugh left the peninsula, Arnold Lunn, a Catholic layman, started a journey across insurgent Spain, from Irun to Algeciras. In the first third of "Spanish Rehearsal" he tells the story of the trip, but his account is singularly lacking in keen, first-hand observations. Rather he fills his pages with what he was told and what he read in other books. The rest of the volume presents a loose and discursive argument for the Franco cause. Lunn sees the Rebels as crusaders who would save "Christian Spain" from "the Red Terror." Like many other critics of his school, he has a fixation on "communism" as the sole devil on the Spanish stage. His is the type of mind that shovels socialists, syndicalists, and communists into one bin and then labels it "Made in Moscow." With deceptive ease he simplifies the bewildering kaleidoscope of Spanish politics into a struggle between Catholic Christianity and communism.

Mr. Lunn has a way of his own with facts. He is casual. He might even be called cavalier. Despite the well-known conservatism of many Spanish Socialists, Lunn insists that they are "Communists even when they describe themselves as Socialists." He characterizes *Current History Magazine,* with its balanced policy, as "fiercely anti-Franco." On page 191 he declares that "according to the highest ecclesiastical authority in Spain, about 14,000 priests and monks have been murdered." Five pages later the statement is repeated word for word, except that the figure is reduced from 14,000 to "over 10,000." But Mr. Lunn's careless inaccuracies play an insignificant part in coloring his Spanish picture in comparison with the determination to force the whole tragedy within the framework of his narrow and dogmatic thesis. Those who have been looking for an able and convincing apology for Franco's cause must continue their quest beyond this book.

Charles A. Thomson is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Jerome

BOYNE GRAINGER

The Day of Miracles

THE JESTER'S REIGN. By Boyne Grainger. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A LADY whose identity remains a mystery has taken, in the above novel, a flier into fantasy; has done what all of us in our day-dreams sometimes desire to do, imagine cosmic phenomena of both an amusing and a beneficial nature. A mysterious Roger Ergo who lives "in a little blind alley in one of the older regions of New York" (one visualizes such a strange cranny as Patchin Place just off lower Sixth Avenue) notes in his journal the strange manifestations of some jesting god—or human endowed temporarily with supernatural powers. The "phenomena" occur at the same time over the whole world, beginning with a peculiar laughing sound heard by all inhabitants of the globe. They are extraordinary, humane and funny at the same time—and this reviewer is not going to give them away. But they influence profoundly a small group of very mixed people: a capitalist, a munitions-maker, a rich, idle girl fond of speed, an amateur artist who is the son of wealth, and the group in the small city court under the two ailanthus trees which are the Trees of Heaven, where Mr. Ergo lives.

Accepting the premises of fantasy, one does not expect too much verisimilitude of action or speech, but this author strains credibility, I should say, to its utmost limit. Nevertheless, as amusement, with incidental reflections upon the chaos of our world today, the light and rapid story may be taken as a sugar-coated parable. It reminds me more of the earlier work of Gelett Burgess than of anything else, without the bite of his satire. One can read it at a sitting, and wish wistfully that such amiable miracles might happen at the present time.

Letters and Leadership

NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY. Edited by James Laughlin IV. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

A HARVARD undergraduate, James Laughlin IV, has finely assumed a responsibility towards literature. He is sponsoring undervalued living writers. During the last years, he has published volumes of several of these authors, W. C. Williams in particular. Under the title "New Directions in Prose and Poetry," he periodically issues collections of pieces by good numbers of them.

The present "New Directions" is the second in the series, and evidences the editor's ability. True, certain of his poets seem afflicted with garrulity and others with Eliotosis. But the majority of his exhibits—only a few of them are reprints—convey the feeling of the present hour: the incertitude, the dejection, and the humor. There is unconscious wit in the bulkiest of them, the text of Cocteau's surrealist ballet, "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel." The translation, by Dudley Fitts, incidentally reads better than the original played. And there is humor in Gertrude Stein's "Daniel Webster," the representation of a wooden American, and in the language and intricate powerful rhythms of E. E. Cummings's exuberant group of lyrics in Americanese.

Among the distinguished contributions one finds a group of verses by Robert Fitzgerald. There also are characteristic stories by Saroyan. Ruth Lechlitner's important essay points to the poets' new opportunity in the radio-theatre, and the relation between the trochee, the dactyl, and the accents of contemporary American speech. Gorham Munson's somewhat pompous but well-written one addresses the novelists to a new subject matter already adumbrated in E. C. Large's novel "Sugar in the Air": the figure of the artist-engineer as the Social Credit group conceives of it. Above all, the collection provides specimens of the work of certain relatively unknown writers of more than good promise: Willard Maas and Delmore Schwartz in particular; and, with special emphasis, a chapter of a book by one who is surely the largest force lately risen on the horizon of American letters: Henry Miller of Paris. Maas's little poems are free of the preciosity of some of his earlier ones, and have simplicity, harmony, and a touch of genuine passion. Schwartz's story "In Dreams Begin Responsibility" is a personal lyric in the form of an objective tale with continual subtle self-reference. As for Miller, his experience is the painful one of life which has lost inner direction. But he manages to project it in a sort of running confession composed of violent, dolorous mental images couched in tense, rhythmical, often elevated prose. His stuff is rich and singularly emotive.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

SAM KRAVITT, to whom we are grateful for many excellent photographs that have been printed here, gave us a photo of the Theme Figure of the 1939 World's Fair. Often seeing her from the Long Island train we had irreverently called her The Spirit of Flushing Flats, or Out of the Dumps by 1939. Sam tells us however that her real name is *Mithrana;* she is hovering over the skyscrapers of Manhattan, and lifting the veil from the world of tomorrow.

But we are still a little puzzled. We don't find Mithrana in the Columbia Encyclopædia, our most frequent first resort. Is she a feminization of Mithras, the Persian god of sunlight and soldiering? Mithras—who usually comes in the dictionaries next to Mary Russell Mitford, a very diverse pair—is keyed up in our mind with Kipling's fine Hymn of the Roman XXX Legion before the great wall of Scotland—"Mithras, God of the Morning, our trumpets waken the Wall" etc. Mithras, we are told, took over from the Zoroastrian god Mazda the symbolization of light and fire. He is usually represented as "slaying the bull," and the encyclopædia insists that his rites were exclusively male. "Women were not initiated into Mithraism." Who then was Mithrana?

The Christmas Orchid

Colombia, South America, December 23, 1937

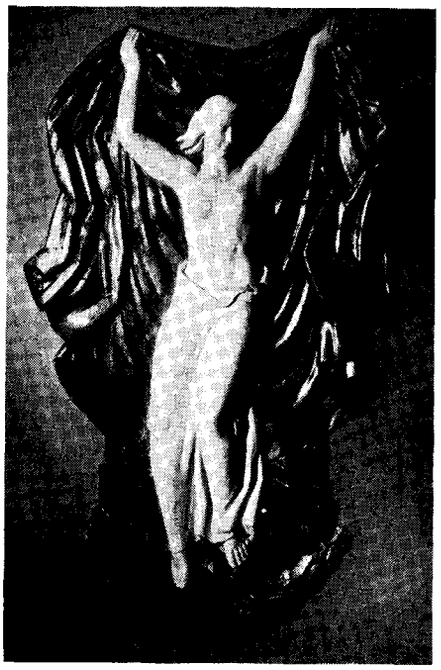
SIR: I am in a tropical town with jungle north and south and the cordilleras of the Andes piercing the clouds to the east and west like the blue boundaries of this green world that time has forgotten. I am doing a Where the Blue Begins.

With a friend, Frank MacKay, I am searching for the siren of the Andes, that alluring and elusive floral lady, the orchid.

We started on this idea two years ago and after many disappointments we have succeeded in making a paying enterprise out of collecting orchids in the jungles of Colombia and Venezuela and shipping them to cultivators in the U. S. and England.

I am sitting on a cot in what purports to be a hotel situated less than two degrees north of the equator. The walls of this hostelry are fashioned of upright bamboo trunks with mud plastered into the interstices. We work by candlelight at night. Across from me on a box, 2 Halazone tablets are dissolving in a pitcher of water. In half an hour we will have a drink of water but not sooner, for we cannot indulge unless we purify it first; there is too great a danger of amœbic dysentery. We take 6 grains of quinine a day against malaria.

We are about to move over toward the east in the morning, where we will collect 3000 plants of Cattleya Trianæ, the Christmas blooming orchid. Most of the commercial orchids, though not parasitical as many people believe, grow on the branches and in the crotches of trees 2000 to 5000 feet high in the Andes. Day before yesterday we had hiked eight miles south of here and were mounting a ridge when we saw a plant in full bloom, growing in the crotch of a gnarled



"MITHRANA"
(Theme figure of 1939 World's Fair.)

old veteran of the forest. It was the Christmas orchid and would have cosily occupied a large barrel. There were more than 200 flowers in bloom on it.

Along the march we have seen many of the big blue Morpho butterflies of which Tomlinson writes in *The Sea and the Jungle.* Across patches of sunlight they dart in peculiar erratic flight—wings sky blue above, darker blue beneath, and as big as my two hands.

After we have collected our Cattleya Trianæ we will set off on a mission which I shouldn't like to have disclosed unless we are successful. . . . For more than 20 years an orchid called Cattleya Rex, perhaps the most beautiful there is, has been lost from the orchid collections of the world. A collector named B, now dead, discovered plants south of ——. They were the King Orchid but unfortunately they died before reaching England. They had been carried two days out of the jungle and shipped by way of the Amazon. Here is the interesting part—we have B.'s notes and if all goes well in a month or two we will be sweating our way into the Godforsaken country south of ——. Because we don't want other collectors to get wind of our whereabouts, please leave out place names.

NORMAN MACDONALD, JR.

Don Marquis's Education

[*Wade Arnold, of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, sends me a copy of a very characteristic letter that Don Marquis wrote in February 1930, when Don was invited to attend a dinner of Knox alumni. I am sure there can be no objection to my printing it. It was written to Mr. Edward Caldwell of New York City.*]

My dear Mr. Caldwell:

I wish I were able to be present at the Dinner. . . .

I have always had a very strong sentiment with regard to Knox College—an almost inexplicable sentiment, when you consider that I was never there more than a couple of months. I am, in fact, loyal to the college education I might have had if I had had one; loyal to the college I should have gone to if I had gone to college. As a youth of fifteen my then school teacher, Mr. John Wylie, fired me with an ambition to go to Knox College; and a few years later Albert Britt came through the village where I lived, singing a barber shop baritone, as I remember it, on something he called a Glee Club. If you don't think Britt can sing, ask him to at the dinner and—but I was never any judge of music. At any rate, Mr. Britt fired me once more with the ambition to go to Knox College. I took a lot of firing, it appears. Later, Mr. S. S. McClure, through the medium of his magazine, fired me once again; all I had to do was get a thousand subscriptions to the magazine, and I could go to Knox college. I was never any good selling books or magazines, however—to this day my books don't sell very well; and I left the McClure proposition flat, after I had put in six months getting twelve subscriptions. Then John Cleveland fired me with ambition to go to Knox College again, and this time I borrowed $20 and went.

Twenty dollars was an immense sum in 1898—and, indeed, I've seen a lot of times since when I'd rather have twenty dollars than what I had at the moment—and I went down to Galesburg on a railroad pass (I knew some brakeman on the C. B. and Q.) and started to college.

There were two things right at the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

start that bothered me. One was my appetite and the other was a desire to play football. I never got any farther than an assistant substitute tackle on the second team, but I found I couldn't even do that and work my way through school. And if I didn't work I could not satisfy my appetite, which had dilated owing to contact with football. After coming out of a showerbath, my appetite was imperious. I spent enormous sums for food. I used to go to the 3-cent restaurant and put away as much as 27 cents worth of food at one meal, and you could get large quantities of food in 1898 in that lunch room for 27 cents. Any time I got away from being massacred in practice games and eating, I put in reading the romances of Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas in the college library. The purely academic side of my college career was increasingly neglected.

Before Thanksgiving I saw a showdown rapidly approaching. I would either have to give my time to manual labor and study, or inherit a fortune, or quit college. While I was still hesitating Dr. Finley sent for me—I suppose he had heard that I was a fellow who needed a job. At any rate, I was afraid of that; I was afraid that he had a job for me. I couldn't face it; I sold my books, laid away one final enormous meal in the 3-cent restaurant, and left Galesburg in an empty box car. For many years afterward I hoped that I would be able to get back there; my plan was to save enough money to put myself through Knox and have a fairly good time doing it. But in the thirty years since I have never been able to save the money. Perhaps by the time I am 75 years old I will be able to matriculate with some hope of getting through the whole academic course. If that ever comes to pass, I pledge myself to the matriculation. I am not as optimistic as I used to be, but I still have some hope.

But what I am trying to get at is this: During all these years of frustration, my primary loyalty to the particular school has remained unimpaired. It has always been my college, though I have never been its—at least it has been my alma step-mater. And as I look about me in the world and see the men and women who have helped make the college, and who have been made by it, I grow increasingly prouder of this step-college of mine. I can, in a way, take a more detached point of view than any of the rest of you—in fact, mine has been rather a continuing detachment from than a continued connection with. But, seriously, this college and the few like it have done a great quiet work in the world which the world can ill afford to get along without, whether the world is aware of that fact or not.

I hope you will continue to allow me to retain my sentiment for the college—my spiritual kinship—despite all my physical absences. Perhaps this sentiment may strike old Knox graduates as a little bit absurd under the circumstances—rather like a sentiment on the part of an old bachelor for the girl he never married. But the elusive character of these things does not mitigate their poignance, and I insist on keeping this feeling for the place I did not spend my youth at.

Hoping you will pardon my multitudinous prepositional endings, and assuring all Knox people of my cordial regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

DON MARQUIS.

Mezzo del Cammin

R. F. C. (Michigan) writes so interesting an inquiry that we think many others would like to make suggestions. He says:—

"I am of an age which I calculate is roughly the half-way mark of my life, and a few flashes of introspection tell me that I am far from satisfied with what my parson would call my inner life. I contemplate a two-weeks' period of thinking and revaluation, preferably in some quiet corner of Vermont or New Hampshire, where I can catch my breath and take inventory.

"If you were in such a position, what few books would you take along with you to give a true perspective to life and to help you face the second half of it? I am not baiting for essay material."

A hard question to answer, as everyone will agree. When we were brooding the same thought a few years ago—the Mezzanine Problem we called it privately—the only solution we could find was to try to write a book for ourself to clarify our feelings; whether it did us much good is a debatable question. Somerset Maugham has written a quite remarkable book—*The Summing Up*—which will shortly be published. In this he speaks with admirable candor of his own pattern of living and its various decisions; though from the point of view of a man in the 60's. Thinking about R.F.C.'s inquiry we have, though briefly, considered a multitude of possible books. They boil down to these: Boswell's *Life of Johnson;* and Walt Whitman, *both* his verse and prose. (They are printed differently, which is how you can tell them apart.)—To these, for lighter going, we might add Santayana's *Character and Opinion in the United States,* the complete Sherlock Holmes, a simple textbook in mathematics, and a good anthology of poetry.—For our own part, the book we have most felt the lack of is probably Osler's *Principles and Practice of Medicine.*

If we have to choose just one completely indispensable book—"to wear off by meditation the worldly soil contracted," as the Doctor said—surely it's got to be Boswell? How full and hilarious a life may be, when based on the complete mastery of that book, the career of A. Edward Newton illustrates.

Lincoln's Doctor's Dog

(*Continued from page* 4)

and a movie edition (August 1936, $1.39). Grand total, 705,000.

There is no point in going much further into detail. There is one curious thing, however. The "angle" on this book, in the trade phraseology, was one of the most comprehensive and oblique in recent publishing. F. & R. first presented it in terms of literary importance, readability, and size. Of these three qualities, the first two are hackneyed in book advertising, and only the third was peculiar to "Anthony." Later a fourth note was added: success. Not for months did the advertising come down to cases and try to describe the story, to point up the appeal of specific characters and episodes. When F. & R. did run a full page ad giving a partial and vividly written synopsis, it seemed to make no particular difference. By this time thousands of readers were advertising "Anthony" by word of mouth; and the "copy" used in word-of-mouth advertising is usually just, "I've been reading a swell book. It's called 'Anthony Adverse'."

It has been worth while to give the adventures of "Anthony" in some detail because they include almost everything a publisher can do for a book. And the story illustrates the three cardinal points of best seller promotion:

1. An ounce of imagination before publication is worth a pound of advertising after publication.
2. Advertising sells a book that is already selling.
3. Every best seller gets certain breaks—and it is up to the publisher to know when the iron is hot.

There is a great deal in this last point. Skeptics exist who believe that everything a publisher does is in the nature of hit-or-miss; that a book the public wants will come to the top in spite of indifference and high water. The classic example of this point of view is "The Story of San Michele." Published in July, 1929 in a small edition of 500 imported sheets, "San Michele" was given a jacket which was so irrelevant that some suspected it had originally been drawn for another title, and which led certain booksellers to put it on the travel shelf. After lying fallow for some months, "San Michele" began to sell. In November the publishers issued the first domestic edition—*i.e.*, from their own plates. Not until June, 1930 did "San Michele" appear on the best seller list of the *Publishers' Weekly.* Seventh on the non-fiction list that month, it rose to first place in September, remaining on top through January, 1931, and among the first ten (except for one month) through October, 1931. The length of elapsed time between publication and success has led some commentators to generalize from this, and a few similar instances, to pro-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duce the "good books sell themselves," or "better mousetrap," theory. The initial impetus for "San Michele" has been traced to the influence of several booksellers in New York—particularly, at first, the Channel Bookshop—who read the book and sold it on the basis of personal enthusiasm. In any case, all that "San Michele" proves is that "San Michele" became a best seller (200,000 copies) in spite of obstacles. Any one can think of plenty of good books—potentially popular books—which never got within whooping distance of making money, let alone the best seller list.

The point is, what starts the book off. It may be almost anything. In the case of "Anthony," it was largely the publishers' pre-publication activities, plus the response of the booksellers, plus various breaks like the time element and the book club selection. Sometimes, but most irregularly, reviews will start a book; the reviews must be superlatively enthusiastic, they must be prominent, and even then they may not work. An instance when they did start a book was that of Stark Young's "So Red the Rose"—front page raves in the *Times Book Review* (by its editor, J. Donald Adams) and in the *Herald Tribune Books* (by Ellen Glasgow) started the customers into the bookstores, and gave the publishers an audience for their advertising.

Pulitzer prize awards sometimes—not always—will lift a modest success into the best-seller class. This applies chiefly to fiction, and many of the novels chosen were best sellers before they won the prize; "So Big" in 1926, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" in 1929, "Years of Grace" in the following year, and "Gone with the Wind" in 1936. With other books, like Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" and Caroline Miller's "Lamb in His Bosom," the Pulitzer Prize was an enormously stimulating influence. "Lamb in His Bosom," runner-up in the Harper Prize Novel contest of 1933, came out in August of that year. Several of the reviewers preferred it to the book which won the Harper prize ("The Fault of Angels," by Paul Horgan), and Harry Hansen, reviewing it in the *World-Telegram*, nominated it for the Pulitzer Prize. On the strength of reviews and the publishers' enthusiasm, "Lamb in His Bosom" made an excellent record for a first novel, but was nowhere near being a best seller until it was chosen by the Pulitzer Committee in May, 1934. Up to that date it sold 6350 copies; after the Pulitzer award, it sold another 71,000.

The title of a book alone can sometimes be effective. "Live Alone and Like It," by Marjorie Hillis, undoubtedly got its start from the title. The fact that it would not have smelled as sweet by any other name is borne out by the evidence that the MS was originally called "The Problem of the Single Woman," and was turned down by another publisher before Bobbs-Merrill published it as "Live Alone and Like It." Here was a title with sex appeal—certainly some department stores thought so; they used the phrase as a heading for large ads and sold other merchandise on the strength of it. "Life Begins at 40," by Walter B. Pitkin, was another self-starting title—one look at the jacket in a bookstore window was all that was needed to sell it to customers over forty. This book had a good pre-publication build-up, enough to give it an advance sale of 3500 copies in a bad year (1932), and the publishers (Whittlesey House) started off with a first printing of 5000 and an initial advertising budget of $1500. "Life Begins at 40" went well from the start—its latest figure is in the neighborhood of 200,000.

The most interesting best-seller stories are those about books which come out of nowhere, starting with a small advance and gradually rising to the top and staying there. "The Story of Philosophy," for instance, had an advance sale of 800 copies out of a 1500 first printing. This sounds incredible, considering the impression the book finally made, but great success often obscures small beginnings. "The Story of Philosophy," it is probably unnecessary to say, was published by Simon & Schuster. Now there are many people outside the book business, or on its abundant fringes, who recognize the fact that Simon & Schuster have put over a lot of best sellers—a tremendous lot, in proportion to the size of their list. And so they have, but not, as many people seem to conclude, just by spending money to advertise them. "The Story of Philosophy" came out in June, 1926; the first ads were only large enough to announce the book—a few inches deep and one column wide. What started it? Probably John Dewey, to begin with: his foreword, from which a tribute was quoted on the jacket, gave the lead to reviewers: and the first reviews were long and fulsome, A plus from Simon & Schuster's point of view. When the inevitable academic denunciation finally set in, it only helped to sell the book. Another help was the word-of-mouth enthusiasm of Will Durant's lecture audiences, especially the students in his philosophy courses at Labor Temple. The first full page ad in the *Times Book Review* did not appear until August 22. By this time "The Story of Philosophy" was en route to a sale of 217,183 copies.*

"Trader Horn," from the same publisher's list, which also started with a small advance sale in the bookstores—1200 copies—was unquestionably brought to the best-seller lists by advertising, but it was not started by advertising. In the first place, "Trader Horn" was a Literary Guild selection, and consequently the word-of-mouth build-up started at once. At first the keynotes of the ads were the tributes from John Galsworthy's foreword—he had invented the word "stingo" for the occasion—from William Lyon Phelps, and from assorted reviewers. The most effective ads—and the "Trader Horn" campaign will be long remembered by the book trade—were those which dramatized the adventurous contents of the book. "The ads were not only about the book," as the publishers remark, "they were the book itself." "Trader Horn" sold about 170,000 exclusive of the Literary Guild distribution, and without regard to various skeptics who expressed doubts about the accuracy of Alfred Aloysius Horn's memory, and accordingly about the authenticity of the book as autobiography. The reading public ate up "Trader Horn" because it was full of good yarns, and if the yarns were good enough, the readers didn't care whether they were true or not.

Publicity is an unreliable book stimulant. Of course, when a president recommends a detective story, as Wilson did "The Middle Temple Murder," it's news. Any book that gets out of the book notes columns into the news columns has a fighting chance for a good sale; on the other hand, news stories based on the contents of a book will often tell the reader all he wants to know about that book. Readers will remember more than one instance when a celebrated ex-politician or ex-general has written his "Now It Can Be Told" reminiscences, and booksellers will remember more than one instance when these books—particularly when they had been serialized, or when the newspapers had "gutted" their high spots—rested inert on the shelves. Publicity alone, however, occasionally makes a book, and unexpectedly. One would have thought that "Ask Me Another," which started the question-book rage that ran through 1926, had little or no news value. But a story issued by the publishers (Viking Press), giving the ratings of various prominent people on some of the questionnaires in the book, made the front page of the *Boston Herald* on the day "Ask Me Another" was published, with the head "M. I. T. President Scores 90% in Quiz," and the fad that swept the country was under way.

Sometimes an isolated event will give a book the stimulus it needs, long after publication. For an old example, "The Honorable Peter Sterling," by Paul Leicester Ford, was published by Holt in 1894, in a small edition. The sale for the first eighteen months came to the round but hardly resounding total of 1500 copies. Then, a year and a half after publication, A. M. Robertson, San Francisco bookseller, ordered 100 copies, on the theory that "The Honorable Peter Sterling" was a roman à clef about Grover Cleveland. This was during Cleveland's second administration. The story gradually traveled eastward, and with it the sales of "Peter Sterling." Sales went up in Denver, Chicago, Cleveland, finally New York and Boston; and the book was on its way to half a million.

A more recent instance is James Hil-

* Unless otherwise indicated, sales figures in this article apply to original editions only, not including reprints.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ton's "Lost Horizon." Published by Morrow in October, 1933, "Lost Horizon" followed the appearance of an older Hilton novel, issued by another publisher. As often happens when an English author is suddenly discovered by American publishers, the older book got in the way of the newer one. "Lost Horizon" came out with an advance sale of 1100 copies, out of a first printing of 2500. On this the publishers appropriated $500 for advertising—a generous appropriation, almost 50 cents a copy in the advance sale: but not big money, of course. By the following spring, "Lost Horizon" had sold 2500 copies, and more money had been spent on it. In April, "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly,* and Alexander Woollcott gave it a boost in the Shouts and Murmurs page he was then writing for *The New Yorker.* Later, following its publication in book form (June, 1934), he talked about "Mr. Chips" on the air, which is another story except that by now he had read "Lost Horizon" and promised to recommend it on his new radio program in the fall. Came the fall; Morrow reissued "Lost Horizon" in the Hawthornden Prize edition in October—a year after its first publication, with a distribution of 800 copies of the new edition in the stores. The following week Woollcott went "quietly mad" about it on the air: first week's sales: 600; next, 1000; gradually up to 3000 a week, hitting 6000 a week just before Christmas. Again advertising followed the sales chart, and a total of $12,000 worth of it went along with the sales, which reached 110,000, plus 50,000 copies released to Grosset & Dunlap for the motion picture edition, plus Morrow's illustrated "author's edition," issued in October, 1936. This is one instance of the Woollcott influence on book sales during the time he was on the radio for Cream of Wheat, and it was an effective influence, as the happy publishers of "Mr. Chips," "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," and other Town Crier enthusiasms will testify. Not to mention the publishers of Mr. Woollcott's own book, "While Rome Burns," which came out with an advance sale of 3600 a few weeks after Woollcott's radio program started, and which—although the author's previous books had never done much business—piled up a total of 125,000 copies.

Another influence which has helped to start some recent best sellers on their merry way is *The Reader's Digest,* and several of our case histories are books which have been condensed, early in their careers, for the enormous audience which that magazine reaches. Dorothea Brande's "Wake Up and Live" (Simon & Schuster) is one such. "Wake Up and Live," which came out in February, 1936, with an advance sale of 1407 copies (first printing, 3000), started with an advertising appropriation of $500, immediately raised to $1500 on the basis of reorders. "Wake Up and Live " was condensed in *The Reader's Digest* of April. Plus an appealing title, this stimulated those word-of-mouth tributes from one reader to another which are essential to make a rolling snowball gather more snow. The book sold, at its best, 9000 copies a week, and its peak lasted four weeks. The initial sale of 1407 has grown (end of last November) to 116,000; the initial $500 for advertising to $16,795.

Another job of work in which *The Reader's Digest* figured was Victor Heiser's "An American Doctor's Odyssey" (Norton). But this was only one of a large number of elements in the build-up. Like "Anthony Adverse," the "Odyssey" was a Book-of-the-Month, and was first printed (6000 copies) before the club made it a selection. It came out in September, 1936, with an advance sale of 13,841 in the bookstores. Also like "Anthony Adverse," this one was widely distributed to the booksellers before publication. And again the booksellers liked it. (By the way, there are plenty of books the booksellers don't like. Often a book goes out in advance and commits suicide.) Unlike "Anthony," but in common with "The Story of San Michele," the "Odyssey" is a "doctor book," and doctor books, from "San Michele" to Carrel's "Man the Unknown," from "The Arches of the Years" to "The Citadel," have a way of turning up on the best-seller lists. (There's one of those stories that run around the trade to the effect that all books on Lincoln sell, all books about dogs sell, and all books by doctors sell—so the man who writes a book about Lincoln's doctor's dog is going to clean up.)

To return to Dr. Heiser: the advance distribution to the trade was carefully and ingeniously made. One eminent bookseller, on a trip to Europe, actually found an advance copy of the "Odyssey" waiting in his cabin on the return voyage, planted there by the indefatigable publishers. (He later ordered 1000 copies.) Booksellers began talking about the book to one another; the first bookseller in a town to get steamed up over it would sell it to the rest of the local fraternity. And the publishers clinched the matter by giving a free copy to the booksellers with every ten ordered in advance of issue.

The book was published in September, and was condensed in *The Reader's Digest* for November. Another condensed version had previously appeared in *The Cosmopolitan*—which had added to the build-up. Everything was set for the extensive advertising campaign which ran concurrently with the sales. In October 11,000 were sold, in November 18,000, in December 32,000, in January 28,000. The total to the end of 1937 is 239,211 copies, against an advertising expenditure of $42,000, spread over fifteen months.

"How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Dale Carnegie, was condensed in *The Reader's Digest* in January, 1937, two months after publication. Although it started with a first printing of 3000 and an advance sale of 1506 copies, there was a strong pre-publication build-up for "How to Win Friends" in Dale Carnegie's made-to-order audience, the nucleus of which consisted of current and former pupils who had taken Carnegie's course in executive-building, and who were ready and eager to whoop up the book. Again, no one circumstance did the trick alone—Carnegie had written previous books which had been no great wows—but the combination clicked for "How to Win Friends." The first ad was a test, about eight inches deep by two columns wide, with a coupon, costing $141.72. It ran in *The New York Times* on Monday, November 16, 1936, and brought in 192 orders to the publishers (Simon & Schuster). This was a good return, and S. & S. followed up with a full page in the *Times* on Monday, December 7, which brought in 1488 coupons. These and the subsequent advertisements were so successful as to provide what looked like an example of a best seller being made by advertising alone. Of course the advertising was a tremendous element in the situation, but there were other things as well — besides the pre-publication build-up already referred to, there was Carnegie's constant and indefatigable activity as a teacher and lecturer; and there was that immeasurable element: what the publishers refer to as "word-of-mouth comments of irresistible enthusiasm by satisfied readers—many of them apostolic and crusading in their fervor." All these combined to make the sales grow to 752,568 copies, the advertising expenditure to $126,700 (end of 1937).

Most extraordinary success of all the "doctor" books was Alexis Carrel's "Man, the Unknown" (Harpers). Here is another case in which *The Reader's Digest* figured, but this time to give the book its second wind. "Man, the Unknown" was published in September, 1935, and did not appear as a condensation until September, 1936; long before then it had reached the best-seller list through other channels. It had started with a small first printing, 1500 copies, and an advance sale of 1100. $500 was appropriated for advertising—a generous figure in relation to the sale, but not enough to buy much newspaper space. The reviews were generally lukewarm or else scholarly; occasionally, where the critic was a scientist, supercilious. But the Catholic press carried a number of long and fulsome pieces about the book. Its discovery by Catholics was a big factor in starting "Man, the Unknown"; and from them the word spread to members of other denominations. Here was something that religious readers wanted: a book by an eminent scientist which confirmed some of their battered beliefs. Dr. Carrel's acceptance of the miracles at Lourdes, his attitude on immortality, made reviewers lift eyebrows but put the book over. The response showed the publishers, soon after the book came out, that they had something. During its first year—up to the time

(*Continued on page* 18)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENTS on THE TYRANNY OF WORDS have come from leaders in almost every profession—Law and Politics, Business and Economics, History and the Social Sciences, the Arts, Journalism, Creative Writing, Mathematics, Education, Philosophy.

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL
Educational Counselor, National Broadcasting Company
(1) THURMAN ARNOLD
Yale School of Law, author of "The Folklore of Capitalism"
HARRY ELMER BARNES
ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES
(2) CARLETON BEALS
CHARLES A. BEARD
CARL BECKER
Cornell University
THOMAS BEER
E. T. BELL
California Institute of Technology
A. A. BERLE, JR.
ALFRED M. BINGHAM
Editor of Common Sense
ISAIAH BOWMAN
President, Johns Hopkins University
P. W. BRIDGMAN
Harvard University
C. M. CHILD
Stanford University
CHARLES E. CLARK
Yale School of Law
GEORGE S. COUNTS
Columbia University
PAUL DE KRUIF
(3) JOHN DOS PASSOS
WALTER PRICHARD EATON
MORRIS ERNST
P. H. EPPS
Furman University
(4) JOHN T. FLYNN
FELIX J. FRAZER
W. HORSLEY GANTT
Johns Hopkins University
C. JUDSON HERRICK
University of Chicago
HAMILTON HOLT
President, Rollins College
(5) BASSETT JONES
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Harvard University
MARIETTA JOHNSON
School of Organic Education
(6) C. J. KEYSER
Columbia University
SINCLAIR LEWIS
ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH
KEMP MALONE
Johns Hopkins University
HUGHES MEARNS
New York University
WILLIAM F. OGBURN
University of Chicago
RAYMOND PEARL
Johns Hopkins University
(7) JULIA PETERKIN
PAUL ROSENFELD
FERDINAND SCHEVILL
ALBERT STERNER
SIMEON STRUNSKY
(8) RAYMOND GRAM SWING
JOHN R. TUNIS
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
JOHN B. WATSON

STUART CHASE'S
The Tyranny of Words

Stuart Chase is serving notice on all who *blab-blab*. He is telling the public, sick to death of talking and being talked at over radios, in newspapers, from lecture platforms and campaign stumps, that they'd better ask, "What do you *really* mean by that?" He has discovered a new discipline which promises a revolution in the process of thinking and is attempting to give a muddled world a virtual *consumer's research report on words*. For the misuse of words is the most insidious evil of this age. Here is a book of far-reaching, yet everyday, importance. To one who reads it the world can never look quite as it did before.

Typical Comments

(1) My guess is that THE TYRANNY OF WORDS will be one of the most exciting and influential books of this decade.

(2) Everything he writes is hot off the bat of reality, but no book he has ever done is more exciting than this one. I have already gone through it twice and shall read it again.

(3) I read it through at one gulp. It's exhilarating reading.

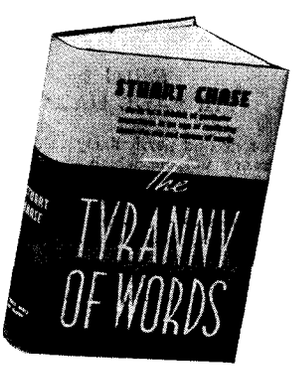
(4) The best thing Stuart Chase has ever done. Having read it through, I promptly proceeded to read it again and I expect to read it at least once more.

(5) If his book does no more than stop a few people from talking, particularly politicians, he will have done a humanitarian work.

(6) It is bright, quick, nimble, lively . . . The thesis so brightly handled is an exceedingly important one.

(7) It pleases me no end . . . I wish from my heart that you could somehow induce every politician, teacher, preacher, and all who listen to them to read it.

(8) On reading the last page I wired Stuart Chase that I never again would be the same person. I still feel changed. I also feel that this is one of the most needed books of this chaotic time.



Just out, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave. New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

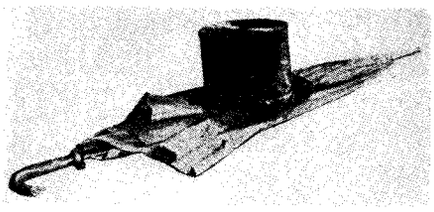
Lincoln's Doctor's Dog

(*Continued from page 16*)

of its truncated appearance in *The Reader's Digest*—"Man, the Unknown" sold 59,000 copies. Since then it has sold another 120,000 copies, making about 180,000 in all. The advertising, which has been distributed throughout the past two years, has reached a total of $35,000.

Out of these case histories the point should be established that book advertising is most effective when the book is getting distribution among readers. And of course there is no infallible, guaranteed method of starting a book. Selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club does not necessarily mean a best seller. Nor does a *Reader's Digest* condensation, for that matter; plenty of the books which have been through the boiling-down factory at Pleasantville, N. Y., have responded indifferently in the bookstores. In any case, neither of those channels can be controlled by a publisher. Nor can a publisher control the enthusiasms of booksellers or of reviewers; he can merely send out a lot of books and hope for the best, and even then the best will sometimes be ineffective.

What the publisher can do has already been outlined. To begin with, as we have pretty thoroughly seen, he must have enthusiasm and confidence in the manuscript: not necessarily a literary enthusiasm, but an honest feeling that here is a good job of its kind, whatever the kind may be. Alfred Harcourt, in talking of some of the best sellers on his own list, says that the important thing, first, is to get the right "angle" on a book, then to give it a build-up before publication. To illustrate, he tells how his firm published Sandburg's "Lincoln." The "angle" on this book might have been the author's reputation, but the author had a reputation as



a poet, and this was a biography. It might have been the subject—there is always interest in any new life of Lincoln—but there are also new lives of Lincoln in a constant succession every year. The publishers chose to play up the background material, the picture given in the book of the life on the frontier where Lincoln grew up. Since the book itself, subtitled "The Prairie Years," covered the period up to Lincoln's presidential administration, ending in 1860, the publishers' "angle" was logical and appropriate. As for the "build-up," the manuscript itself presented the publishers with a unique opportunity. It contained several authentic and hitherto unpublished Lincoln stories: excellent as far as the stories were concerned, but—for such is the nature of some of Lincoln's best anecdotes—they might have caused some consternation in conventional homes where the book was being read aloud *en famille*. The decision was made to drop these embarrassing stories from the book, but to print them separately, before publication, with other material from the book in a pamphlet edition of 2500 copies. This pamphlet was distributed widely to booksellers, reviewers, and authors, with a letter saying what it consisted of, and suggesting that it just might become a collectors' item in a modest way. (The latest recorded sale of a copy of this pamphlet brought a price of $7.50.) This was the nucleus of the trade promotion, and the book came to publication in the spring of 1926 with the booksellers eager to push it. Those who remember the book world eleven years ago have not forgotten the salvo with which the reviewers greeted Sandburg's "Lincoln," or the famous succession of ads which followed, all illustrated by Lincoln's tall hat and umbrella.

Another story from the same publishing house tells how Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex" sold 76,000 copies in twenty-one days between publication date, at the beginning of December, 1928, and Christmas. The author's reputation, from "Queen Victoria," was of course one element in the situation, but not the only one. "Elizabeth and Essex" had been adroitly sampled by serialization of 28,000 words in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. When the publishers submitted the MS to the editors of the magazine a phrase popped into the conversation: "The love life of the Virgin Queen." This *motif* helped to put the sale over, and, wrapped in delicately suggestive phrases, became the "angle" on the book. The successful serial introduced Strachey to an audience wider than the literary one.

As "Elizabeth and Essex" makes clear, nothing succeeds like the last big book of the year to come out before Christmas; but it must be a big book, and it must be published no later than the first week of December, or it will be swamped by competing titles in the bookstores. "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," by Arnold Zweig (Viking Press), Book-of-the-Month Club selection for December, 1928, is an instance in point. The time element was important in various ways with this book—it was among the first of the war novels ("All Quiet on the Western Front" appeared six months later) to come out just when the public, which hadn't touched the war for several years, was ready for the subject again. Another Viking December publication that hit the high spot was Werfel's "Forty Days of Musa Dagh" (1934). Also a Book-of-the-Month selection, "Musa Dagh" was carefully prepared with a build-up similar to that of "Anthony Adverse." The publishers issued a pre-publication edition of 750 copies, specially bound; 450 went to booksellers, 250 to reviewers, and the remaining copies were reserved for the first fifty members of the general public who, in response to a newspaper announcement, wrote in to request copies. These were distributed six weeks before the book was published. Many booksellers wrote enthusiastic letters, and so did most of the fifty readers. Announcement cards handsomely printed, without sales copy, were supplied to bookstores for advance distribution to their customers. With this build-up, "Musa Dagh" came to publication date with 22,000 copies sold, exclusive of the book club. The total trade sale finally reached 78,000. Considering that several previous novels by Werfel had been published in the U. S. with the most indifferent success, this was a publishing job.

This article has purposely concentrated, for the most part, upon best sellers by authors who had not previously reached a wide public. Obviously a book by an author who has written previous best sellers is easier to start: an audience is ready made by the sales of the earlier book. "Babbitt" got off to a faster start than "Main Street"; Hervey Allen's forthcoming "Action at Aquila," will unquestionably have an advance sale larger than "Anthony Adverse" had. It is easier to advertise a new book by a well-known author than one by an unknown author, and the advertising will be more immediately effective. But the final effectiveness of advertising depends on the response of the public to other stimulants. As long as readers like the book and are talking about it, advertising will sell that book; advertising will support, but will not start, word-of-mouth discussion. If the public does not respond, if there is no word-of-mouth publicity among book readers, you can run full page ads and offer to give away free copies in Times Square, and find no takers.

Authors frequently complain to pub-

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE

Edited by
SIR PAUL HARVEY

A new and particularly valuable reference volume which gives elementary information about the classical authors, works, proper names, etc. It includes (1) Explanations of various elements in classical literature, forms, metres, etc., (2) Short biographies, etc., of the principal authors; (3) Descriptive survey of the chief works of ancient literature.
$3.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lishers about the quantity of advertising their books receive. It is rare, however, than an author complains of the quality of his advertising. The complaint as to quantity is usually answered by the paradoxical point which this article has raised —that advertising sells books only if they are already selling. The complaint about quality would in many cases be legitimate, and the criticism is frequently made by advertising men in other fields that book advertising is dull, unimaginative, uninspired. There are many answers to this, the principal one being that publishers, unlike other producers, have a new product on sale every few days; that there can be no continuity, no impact of the follow-up, except when a book breaks away from the crowd. Nevertheless, book advertising in general—with conspicuous exceptions—gives evidence of lack of imagination, and gives this evidence in two concrete ways. One is the vast amount of "list" advertising—the attempt to display a large number of titles and authors, with selling ideas cut to a minimum. The other is testimonial advertising—the tendency of the publisher to scrap his own copy and use nothing but quotes from the reviews. The paradox already mentioned is at the bottom of this: too many publishers, feeling that advertising will not sell books unless they are already selling, unconsciously assume the corollary that it doesn't make much difference what the advertisements are like. Advertising has to go on for various reasons other than the direct effect on sales: authors must be kept happy, booksellers must be shown that the publisher is pushing his list. Furthermore, every publishers' advertising file is full of the skeletons of bright, expensive ideas which didn't work. This whole question is considerably too large for the present inquiry. The only points to be made, and these tentatively, are (1) that book advertising, by and large, is not deficient in quantity; but (2) that if general criticisms of book advertising are to be made, they should have to do with the quality and value of the ideas that go into it.

This article obviously does not pretend to be definitive. Only a few case histories of best sellers have been examined in detail. Skeptics, of whom a large number will be authors with grievances, are left free to reply that another set of case histories would lead to a different set of conclusions—that out of all the best sellers of the last twenty years, one might even be found that sold on advertising alone. Of course it might; more than one, in fact; but you will find them mostly published by the mail order houses and sold by coupons rather than by bookstores. Books which are made best sellers by advertising alone are not so rare as hen's teeth, but are at least as rare as eggs with double yolks.

The conclusions put forward here are based not only on the particular titles under discussion, but on the general experience of the book trade in so far as it will allow itself to be articulate. All the facts, all the sales and advertising figures here, are supplied by publishers. Perhaps you would like more facts, more statistics? So would I. This is not the sort of information that publishers readily give out. You would like to know the case history of "Gone with the Wind"? So would I. All I can tell you is that the first printing was 10,000 copies; that it was then selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club; that it came to publication date, June 30, 1936, with an advance sale of about 50,000; that 1,500,000 copies have been printed to date. What started it? My private opinion is that it was the first big, full-bodied, good story to appear, with a book club distribution, at just the time when everybody had finished reading "Anthony Adverse." But when we come to private opinions, it's time to stop.

What is a best seller? It is a book that is good of its kind—that fills a need or supplies a deep satisfaction. It is usually, but not necessarily, recognized as such by its publishers before publication. But only a few of the books which arouse the publishers' enthusiasm will be best sellers. Somebody else must get excited too. The bookseller's turn comes next, and then the reader's. All the trade promotion in the world can't make a bookseller push a book in which he has no confidence; all the advertising can't make the public read a book it doesn't want to read. Something must happen to make people talk about it. A judiciously distributed sample, a book-club audience, a lecturing author, enthusiastic reviews, a Woollcott endorsement (it used to be Phelps)—all these are good things, but not guaranteed, and many a best seller has made its way without any of them. The time of publication is important, but its effect is unpredictable. On the other hand, the retail price of a book seems never to be a determining factor: high prices (up to $5) do not discourage best sellers, low prices do not make them. To make a best seller, everything must click. Advertising will supply momentum, but will not overcome inertia. Every publisher's biggest disappointment is to have a book fail, in spite of all he can do, to reach the readers who would enjoy it; and every publisher gets his biggest kick out of seeing a dark horse, with an advance sale of 1200 copies, run away to 100,000. Until Utopia prescribes all reading, publishers will continue to do everything they know how for the plugs, the dark horses, and the established stable. They will even spend money to advertise books that are not selling—but only for a while, only to a limited amount, unless the advertising happens to start the book off. And then they will get the surprise of their lives.

Concerning

Rex Warner's novel

THE WILD GOOSE CHASE

I cannot describe *The Wild Goose Chase* to you because there is no possible way to describe its story, its method or its ideas.

Is it a new English classic to be placed on a plane with Swift's *Gulliver's Travels?* English critics think so. I do not know.

I do know that I have never read anything like it before—and I never again expect to have the privilege of publishing anything as completely original.

454 pages. Designed by Dwiggins. $2.75 at all bookstores.

ALFRED A. KNOPF · NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

SPORTING PRINT. By Gus March-Phillipps. Dutton. 1938. $2.50.

This story concerns Victor Greenwood, Master of Fox Hounds and colossus of English brawn, will, and money. Victor has some ideas about the perfection of species, both hound and human. He marries Joanna, who (so *he* thinks) is to be his companion in the field and the mother of his nearer-my-Perfection-to-Thee children. But Joanne can neither stick on a horse nor produce a child. Slowly, through four years and a great many pages, he and Joanna grow nervously apart. They become reunited in time for Victor's death in the field, and all is at last well with English sport and English hunting society.

When Mr. March-Phillipps writes about hounds, horses, the technicalities of fox hunting, and the problems of an M.F.H., he writes with authority and a good deal of interest. When he writes about delicate maladjustments between a man and his wife, he writes poorly, often absurdly. As soon as Victor gets off a horse or leaves his kennels, he becomes a far bigger boob than the author intended him to be. As for the other characters, they've been in mass production a pretty long time.

Nevertheless, if you're very fond of chasing foxes on horseback, you might like this book.

R. B.

Miscellaneous

SEED FROM MADAGASCAR. By Duncan Clinch Heyward. University of North Carolina Press. 1937. $3.50.

This book tells the story of the Carolina Gold rice, the seed from Madagascar which for nearly two centuries earned so handsomely its title for the planters of the coastal belt of Georgia, South Carolina, and, to some extent, North Carolina. Only in this narrowly limited strip was the water-culture of rice, after the Chinese manner, pursued, the highland rice of the present day being quite different in its method of cultivation. Natural and economic developments of recent years have worked against the water-method so that it is now scarcely more than a tradition.

Mr. Heyward planted rice up to 1911 and was perhaps the last large-scale rice-planter. His book is comprehensive in its details and full of the human drama that accompanies the struggle to wring a living from inhuman nature. We learn how to plant the gold seed in the alluvial mud, how to flood the fields, how to harvest, thresh, and winnow the grain, how to make the trunks, or sluice-gates work while tons of river-water press against them. The Negro rice-hands are given several chapters in which they are sympathetically treated as types and as individuals as well as factors in the economic picture. Mr. Heyward discusses the cost of rice-crops, the reasons for the abandonment of the industry since the turn of the century, and his own efforts to circumvent that dénouement. There is human interest in every phase of the war with grass, caterpillars, the destructive rice-birds, and, most dramatic of all, the water itself—the breaks in the banks when all hands must rush to save the crop in a gruelling race with the tide.

Mr. Heyward himself was finally defeated by two destroying storms in succession, but there is nothing defeatist in his attitude. The book is refreshingly free from self-pity and the sentimentalizing of plantation life.

There are many excellent photographs of the rice-fields and the Gullah types who worked them.

J. P.

WESTWARD, HIGH, LOW, AND DRY. By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Dutton. 1938. $3.75.

One cold zero morning of the 1935 winter Mr. and Mrs. Hogner took their camping outfit from their New England attic, made a simple outline of a motor trip into the great American deserts, and headed southwest with the details left to inclinations which might arise as they went from one tentative destination to another. Most of their time was spent in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, where they slipped informally and easily from one camping place to another, getting figuratively and literally next to the soil or sand of each region. According to the desert settlers they met, no one would go where they went except for gold or romance, but they went for neither; just for the pure fun of going.

They made a long and arduous trip to the Lechuguilla Desert of southern Arizona, which, though it was a desert with nothing to offer, was worth visiting simply because it was not likely to be a tourist haven like California's Death Valley. It had, in fact, so little to offer that during their trip they saw nothing but sand, mesquite, palo verde, and, by count, one small bird, three quail, six lizards, one chipmunk, and a few ants on a cactus. Still, though the places they visit are barren, the book is not. They spent uninterrupted days in untouched, uninhabited, unwanted scenery whose lack of life-sustaining water make it the very last American frontier. To obtain the full essence of these places the Hogners not only give the reader their own experiences but the results of their reading in government bulletins, scholarly modern works, and narratives of the early explorers and travelers. All the legends, historical data, and geophysical and botanical information is woven in with the account of their own trip to give factual solidity without harming the pleasant flow of the narrative. The result is a charming, simple account with no theatricals, no great descriptions, or philosophical analyses arising from the sights, but just what it is meant to be—a good, interesting travel book.

J. D. H.

SUCCESSFUL LIVING. By W. Béran Wolfe. Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.

Even quite intelligent people are reluctant to abandon the idea that the conduct of life can be regulated by a series of formulas so simple as to spare one the trouble of thinking. A more credulous age usually expressed these formulas in terms of religion and countered the obvious fact that adherence to the formulas did not produce a particularly delightful present by the assurance that they yielded a future of infinite duration and exquisite pleasure. The New Psychology discovered that it was possible to let the future take care of itself; based its formulas upon the supposed necessity for the individual to attain harmony with his immediate environment, and informed him he could dispense with morals as long as he also dispensed with regrets. The still Newer Psychology, of which the work under consideration is an example, goes one step further to remark that we can avoid regrets only by remaining sober, just, vigilant, and pure, and accepting whatever life gives us with a becoming determination to make the best of it.

There is not one idea in the book that has not been expressed, usually better expressed and on more appealing grounds, in Drummond's sermons. "Successful Living" is, in short, two dollars' worth of moral platitudes, in which the individual's relation to other men is substituted for his relation to God as a motivating force. It should enjoy a considerable sale.

F. P.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER BY PRESCRIPTION *Jonathan Stagge* (Crime Club: $2.)	Small town medico barely misses death that struck down three others whilst detective Cobb makes startling discoveries.	Euthanasia, vivisection, and fancy deviltry combined in well-constructed yarn with almost too-harrowing twist at finish.	Prescribed
BLACK LIGHT *Mrs. Baillie Reynolds* (Crime Club: $2.)	Assorted spies and other misguided persons, seeking new airplane-spotting device, turn English countryside upside down.	Trifle slow getting started, but gathers momentum and winds up in bursting bombs and great excitement.	Acceptable

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Authors of the Week

Stuart Chase

In "Who's Who" you will find the biographical data on Stuart Chase's father, New Hampshire born accountant, more than twice as long as that of his famous son. Though his early ambition was to become an architect the son inherited his father's ability in accountancy and statistics. Born in New Hampshire, in 1888, of nine generations of New Englanders, Chase followed in his father's footsteps in going to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whence he switched to Harvard, specializing in economics and statistics and graduating *cum laude* in 1910. For the seven years following he was in his father's accounting office, and the State of Massachusetts made him a Certified Public Accountant in 1916. From 1917 to 1922 he was busy investigating the meat industry and the packers for the Federal Trade Commission. He became interested in the problem of waste when he joined the Technical Alliance in New York, and later became one of the founders of Consumers' Research. His first important work was "The Tragedy of Waste" (1925). Some ten books since that time have made his name widely known. He married first in 1914, and he and his wife, Margaret Hatfield, spent their honeymoon making first-hand acquaintance with the problem of unemployment and with factory conditions. By his first marriage he has two children. His second wife, Marian Tyler, assisted him in writing his book on Mexico. He lives in Connecticut, in a house with Mexican adornments, writes in longhand, is a bad speller, loves swimming, tennis, and mountain climbing.

"The Tyranny of Words," by Stuart Chase, is reviewed on page 5.

Sinclair Lewis

Sauk Centre, Minnesota, Lewis's birthplace in 1885, furnished the foundation for his first widely popular novel, "Main Street." Both because of the color of his hair and his early radical leanings, "Red" is the nickname by which all his friends know him. He comes of a family of physicians. He graduated from Yale in 1907, where he was editor of the *Lit* and is reported to have done more extra-curricular reading than any undergraduate before or since. For a time he eked out a meagre living by writing verse and jokes, but also went footloose to Panama and to England on a cattle-boat. In Carmel, California, he acted as secretary for several novelists. By 1910 he was in the East again and worked in publishing and editing with Stokes, *Adventure*, the *Publishers' Newspaper Syndicate* (started by W. E. Woodward, famous later as novelist and biographer), and the George H. Doran Company. He married Grace Livingston Hegger in 1914. While commuting he wrote most of two earlier books and then began getting short stories into the *Saturday Evening Post*. A son, named after H. G. Wells (one of Lewis's earliest admirations) was born in 1917. "Main Street" made a sensational success in 1920. Six years later, Lewis refused the Pulitzer Prize for "Arrowsmith," and in 1930 accepted the Nobel Prize at Stockholm. In 1928 he married the famous journalist, Dorothy Thompson. Their son, Michael, was born in 1930.

"The Prodigal Parents," by Sinclair Lewis, is reviewed on page 6.

Rex Warner

This young writer was born in 1905 at Birmingham, England. His father is a clergyman in the Church of England, his mother a school teacher. At eighteen he won a scholarship in Classics to Wadham College, Oxford. There he captained his college Rugby fifteen, and has also played for Gloucestershire. C. Day Lewis, the poet, was Warner's best friend at Oxford, and he also knew W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender. However, he would rather play shove-penny (at which he is an expert) than join any literary circle. He became a school teacher, got married, became interested in social and political questions, began to write a novel and finished it in Egypt. Now he is in England again, teaching Latin and Greek at Frensham Heights School, Farnham.

"The Wild Goose Chase," by Rex Warner, is reviewed on page 10.

A. W. Smith

Archibald William Smith was born in Bilbao, Spain, in 1897. His parents were British. He says he passed an undistinguished career at Shrewsbury School in England, and he then went into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where he eventually became Cadet Sergeant. Sandhurst forms the background of his "A Captain Departed" which was published in America by the Yale University Press. He was gazetted to the Gloucestershire Regiment, later sent to France, where he took part in several actions, including the battle of the Somme. After the war he joined the British Military Mission with General Denikin's army. In 1921 he joined the Bombay Burmah Trading Corporation, the biggest teak producers in the world. He then spent six months in the jungle without seeing a white man. He resigned in 1928, and returned to England *via* Naples, Rome, the Tyrol, and Germany. He is now living—and writing—in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

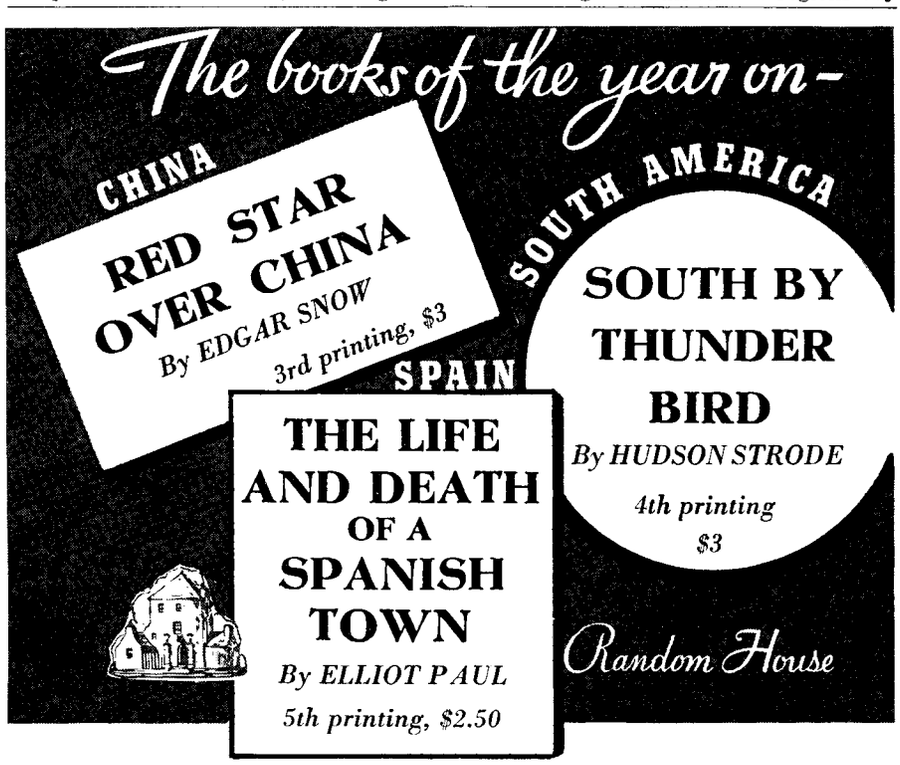
"The Sword and the Rose," by A. W. Smith, is reviewed on page 10.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

disposes of the self-protective implication. And anyone who has read my views on foreign correspondence, rather than the official Stalinist distortion of those views, knows there is no "abuse" in it. I have made some frank comment on the pressures—from totalitarian censors and sometimes from home editors—under which all correspondents work. I have emphasized the fact that "whether in Moscow or Berlin, Tokyo or Rome, all the temptations for the practising foreign reporter are in the direction of conformity." Every correspondent knows this to be true. And my criticism has always been directed against basic conditions rather than individual journalists, though unavoidably I have cited extreme examples of the effects of those pressures. Anyone interested in my views on foreign correspondents will find them in "We Cover the World" (Harcourt, Brace), in my article "Why Foreign Correspondents Go Home" in this magazine, and in another article coming out soon in *Current History*. The magnitude of Miss Winter's misrepresentation of those views will be apparent.

Referring to the second letter: Mr. Hindus was kept waiting for his Soviet visa nearly a month in 1933 and finally received it on the understanding that he would not go into the famine regions. My



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authority for this statement is Mr. Hindus himself. He had told the same story not only to me but to others so that it became common knowledge among American correspondents. It was confirmed to me in conversation with a member of the Foreign Office.

And the simple fact is, that like the rest of us, he *was* kept out of those regions. In 1933 he did *not* make the tour of peasant areas as had been his custom on previous annual visits. More important, on leaving the country he did not find it politic to admit the famine or indicate candidly its gruesome extent. In his "Great Offensive" (1933) he wrote of "distress and privation" in North Caucasus, parts of the Ukraine, and Kazakstan in "the winter and spring of 1932 and 1933." Not until *four years later* did he come around to admitting that "at least 3,000,000 peasants perished from the famine of 1932-33, which was exclusively an incident of collectivization. In terms of human sacrifice no other enterprise of the Revolution was so costly. . . ." *(Harper's,* May, 1937.)

Compare the two statements four years apart and you have some measure of the methods of latter-day pro-Soviet apologetics, that I stressed in my article—and that his letter does not attempt to deny or explain. Everything else is secondary and quibbling, including the exact geographical location of his native village. I didn't happen to recall its name or location when I wrote, and was probably in error in saying that it was in the heart of the famine area when it was only on the periphery. That he must resort to a quibble about an unessential detail and avoid the central issue of my article is significant. His letter, like his village, is on the periphery of this discussion and not in the heart of it, which balances accounts.

EUGENE LYONS.

New York City.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

PLEASANT STUDIO ROOMS. Washington Heights, residential section. Newly renovated. Kitchenettes, all conveniences. Box 454-C.

COLLEGE GIRL—refined—desires experience in social service work. Willing to work in child institution or private home as companion to invalid over week-ends (Friday afternoon to Sunday evening) vicinity of Philadelphia. Salary no object. Box 453-C.

FLORIDA. FOR SALE. Home late Capt. Pope Washington, U.S.N. 70 acres. Enormous lake frontage. About 25 acres bearing orange grove, remaining high pine land suitable increasing grove. Full grove equipment, International tractor, harrow, plow. Irrigation if desired. Old house, excellent repair, 8 rooms, 3 bathrooms, completely furnished, rugs, paintings, some antiques, baby grand piano, etc. Electrified kitchen, Westinghouse range, refrigerator, waterheater. 2 car garage. Ample servants quarters. Outbuildings. Price $30,000. Mrs. Pope Washington, Greenwood Lodge, Longwood, Florida.

PERSONALS

MEXICO. Rest, write, paint in beautiful suburban home; quietness, comfort, library, studio, congenial guests, excellent cooking, garage, $15 to $20 weekly. Apartado 1729A Mexico. Folder, Suite 819, 1819 Broadway, New York.

RUGGLES FOUNDATION, BURLINGTON, VERMONT. Residence for active or retired women teachers. Ideal place to spend Fall and Winter months. Glorious view of the Green and Adirondack Mountains and Lake Champlain. Spacious grounds; house adequately heated; continuous hot water; comfortable beds and excellent meals. Try one of our Vermont winters. Rates according to room occupied. Write for folders.

"DON'T-SNORE" device $1.00 postpaid. For snorers and mouth-breathers. Satisfaction or money back. S. K. Thaxly Co., Washington, D. C.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

THE BLUE DOOR, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers quiet and rest—good food, good beds, an open fire. Central heating. Ideal for writers and others seeking comfortable and serene living. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

LOST HORIZON—Quiet diffident bachelor, matured, still haired, but lean from transcontinental traveling, tired same faces, same places, would write about dream castles with interesting feminine correspondent—not too clever. Box 335-C.

LA LUZ, NEW MEXICO, 4,500 feet elevation, 90 miles to El Paso. Come spend a week or a month, Summer or Winter, at our comfortable adobe inn. You'll enjoy this tiny Mexican oasis with high mountains behind it, and the desert in front. Good food, sunshine, and horses. Write: Mr. & Mrs. Osborne Wood, Micasa, La Luz.

YOUNG WOMAN, 24, would like diverting letters from men, 24-35. Interests: theatre, photography, books, hobbies, travel. Box 449-C.

REFINED GENTLEMAN, fifty-four, high-minded intelligent liberal, desires correspondence with friendly, intelligent women of middle age. Box 450-C.

HOLLYWOOD WANTS NEW ORIGINAL MSS. and will pay $200 to $25,000 apiece. Learn technique of screen writing in this practical guide to the Hollywood market: *How to Write and Sell Film Stories* by Frances Marion, world's most successful professional screen story writer. 375 pp., $3.50 at bookstores, or by mail postpaid from Covici-Friede, 432 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BACK TO THE LAND. Learn the pleasures of family life on an age-old farm (all conveniences). Hospitality, beautiful setting, interesting meals, excellent beds. Three-fifty daily. Telephone reservations 687 J 1 (evenings). R. van Hoevenberg, RR 3, Box 315, Kingston, N. Y.

UNATTACHED WOMAN of forty, intellectual, individual, invites correspondence from woman of similar tastes. Preferably in California. Box 448-C.

YOUNG LADY would correspond with California gentleman (25-35) concerning literature, the theatre (including movies), hobbies, travels, everyday interests and experiences. Box 452-C.

ADOPTED NEW YORKER welcomes mail from social conscious young lady under 35, with penchant for people, domesticity, the fine arts, salt air. Box 451-C.

EXCLUSIVE FRENCH FAMILY will take limited number guests. Speak French, live in real French atmosphere, enjoy delicious cuisine! References exchanged. ACad. 4-0215.

FLORIDA. In an orange grove, on lovely lake. Hunting, fishing, golf, swimming. Large suite, ground floor, living-room, bedroom, bathroom, excellent meals. Two, $50 a week. Single, $30. No other rooms. Accommodations chauffeur. Absolute quiet and exclusiveness. Mrs. Pope Washington, Greenwood Lodge, Longwood, Florida.

DILETTANTE POET—College student, desires correspondence and poetic exchange with some one influenced by the charms of the gracious Muse, Erato. Box 455-C.

PERSONALS

REGISTERED DACHSHUND PUPPIES—New Hampshire—twenty-five dollars. Box 426-C.

YOUNG WOMAN desires position—anywhere—in which her library training and experience will be an asset. Box 447-C.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Cheerful, sunlit days distinguish its hospitality, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Accommodations for the literary or non-literary person who must be in New York for a considerable time this winter. Newly furnished and decorated suites—living room, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing for reservations. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

OUTSTANDING AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Catalogue cheerfully mailed. CHARLES K. STOTLEMEYER, Hancock, Maryland.

BARGAIN OFFERS

20% DISCOUNT FOR CASH
SCHULTE'S SEMI-ANNUAL SALE
During January Schulte's Book Store offers their entire stock of over 500,000 books at 20% discount for cash from their already low-marked prices. New Catalogue mailed free. SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street).

25% CASH DISCOUNT SALE! The Great Book Sale Eagerly Awaited by Shrewd Bookbuyers, Collectors, Librarians, Booklovers in General. Our Entire Huge and Richly Varied Stock of Old, Rare, Second-Hand Books in All Fields, First Editions, Sets, Bindings, etc., already reasonably priced, now offered in this Great Mid-Winter Sale at a Discount of 25% on all cash purchases. Don't miss this Special Opportunity. Visit our Attractive Shop. Catalog Free. DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC., 66 Fifth Avenue, near 12th St., NEW YORK. Open until 10 P. M.

SECOND HAND BOOKS. Write for Catalogue on Scholarly Subjects. L. Schueman, 117 East 18th Street, N. Y. C.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 W. 181 St., New York, N. Y.

FOREIGN

"L'ILLUSTRATION," Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing. DELUXE EDITION, $1.75. FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop." Mail order catalogue 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French Books in stock."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS MARKETED. Editorially recognized, professional aid in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Intelligent, personal assistance in revision, criticism, editing for publication. New authors invited. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

TO WRITERS OF BIOGRAPHY. We are seeking a limited number of book-length manuscripts of universal interest. Accepted material will be published on the usual royalty basis, without expense to the author, and sold through the bookstores of the United States and Europe. Wallace Hebberd, Publisher, Santa Barbara, California.

MANUSCRIPTS MARKETED: Stories, articles, plays, books. Affiliations: London, Hollywood. No reading fee. SHIRLEY HECTOR, Ten West Tenth Street, New York.

PROFESSIONAL editors offer specific critical help, editing, all manuscripts. Letitia S. Pendleton, Maria Leach, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

POEMS WANTED BY NEW WRITERS for immediate publication in the year's most vivid anthology. Gutenberg House, Publishers, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

BOOK PLATES

DOLPHIN BOOKPLATES—Catalog of distinctive designs in two colors, loaned, 15 cents. Dolphin Bookplates, Grantwood, N. J.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

LANGUAGES

SPANISH LESSONS, conversational, business and literary, at your own home. Experienced teacher, Spanish born, university graduate. Moderate price; special rate for classes. Telephone for appointment, CHelsea 3-3117, between 5:30 and 6:30.

GENERAL

ENROLL NOW for Journalism, English, Psychology, Literary Criticism, Shorthand and Typewriting. Day and evening classes. The Pittsburgh School of Journalism, 321 Investment Bldg.

Difficult
JIG-SAW PUZZLES by PAR

Fine prints on polished cabinet wood craftsman cut into more entertaining, more difficult jig-saws. Par Picture Puzzles may be rented or purchased. Par serves discriminatinng puzzlers from coast to coast only from the address below.

RENTAL SERVICE
FREE DELIVERY: MANHATTAN by MESSENGER. Other points by mail Post Paid.
Call or write for folder 8-S

PAR COMPANY, Ltd.
18 East 53rd St. New York, N. Y.
Telephone Plaza 3-7181

Double-Crostics: No. 200

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-C	2-I		3-J	4-N	5-A		6-B	7-I	8-V	9-J	10-Q		11-P	12-C	13-D	14-V
	15-P	16-G	17-R	18-B	19-O	20-Y	21-W		22-H	23-B	24-J	25-W	26-H		27-A	28-S	29-H
	30-Q	31-K	32-G	33-B		34-P	35-E	36-Y	37-A	38-V	39-O	40-Q		41-D	42-Q	43-C	
44-R	45-J	46-M	47-B	48-C	49-L	50-K	51-Y		52-E	53-O	54-H	55-J	56-V	57-G		58-X	59-I
60-H		61-P	62-S	63-Q	64-H		65-V	66-D	67-K	68-A	69-T	70-C		71-V	72-T		73-R
74-M	75-D	76-G	77-N	78-K		79-H	80-N		81-P	82-W	83-Q	84-J	85-F	86-U	87-E	88-C	
89-V	90-B	91-R	92-T	93-X		94-R	95-L	96-U	97-S	98-B	99-T	100-N		101-B	102-I		103-Y
104-K	105-O		106-F	107-K		108-B	109-W	110-Q	111-F	112-E		113-I	114-K	115-S		116-M	117-B
118-G	119-I	120-P	121-S		122-U	123-S	124-A		125-U	126-E	127-K		128-I	129-X	130-A		131-G
132-I		133-R	134-M	135-S		136-S		137-I	138-W	139-N		140-M	141-V	142-C	143-A		144-M
145-J	146-L	147-G	148-P	149-X		150-L	151-X	152-T	153-Q	154-C		155-S	156-E		157-Y	158-L	159-F
160-M		161-R	162-H	163-G	164-M	165-O		166-O	167-H	168-N		169-A	170-C	171-J	172-N		173-G
174-O	175-F	176-E	177-W	178-U		179-S	180-E	181-U		182-N	183-E		184-I	185-M	186-G	187-T	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Freak.
B. Unrestrained, immoderate.
C. Airy; graceful.
D. Priest of Tibet.
E. Ciliated protozoa.
F. One of the three Musketeers.
G. Novel by Hawthorne (two words).
H. Disgruntled persons.
I. Horses who ruled the Yahoos (Gulliver).
J. Wood nymph changed into a fountain by Artemis.
K. Traditional Hebrew melody (two words).
L. Spirit actuating a people's ideals, etc.
M. Famous poem by Whittier (comp.).
N. Bicker or cavil.
O. Reduced to a common standard.
P. Across the course.
Q. Firm, determined.
R. Struggles, endeavors.
S. Gothic "Hill" estate of Horace Walpole.
T. Poem by Tennyson.
U. Crucial battle between Cromwell and Charles I.
V. Science of legislation.
W. Quixotically adventurous.
X. French literary critic (1828-1893).
Y. Sturdy, substantial.

WORDS

	169	143	68	5	124	37	27	130	
	18	101	23	90	108	98	33	47	6	117
	43	1	70	170	142	88	12	48	154	
	13	41	75	66						
	35	126	183	176	112	156	87	52	180	
	175	106	85	159	111					
	76	131	186	173	163	32	57	118	147	16
	26	79	167	29	22	64	162	60	54	
	113	102	119	184	7	59	128	2	137	132
	171	45	55	84	3	24	9	145		
	67	107	104	50	114	127	78	31		
	49	146	158	95	150					
	164	46	134	160	116	185	74	144	140	
	139	77	172	168	4	80	182	100		
	165	19	39	166	53	174	105			
	15	61	11	34	81	148	120			
	153	110	30	83	42	63	40	10		
	91	161	133	44	94	17	73			
	115	155	28	136	179	97	123	135	62	121
	72	92	69	152	99	187				
	122	125	181	86	96	178				
	71	38	65	141	56	8	89	14		
	21	25	109	138	82	177				
	151	58	129	93	149					
	157	36	103	20	51					

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DO YOU HAVE TO

Track Down

THE WORDS IN YOUR

Dictionary?

In hunting a word, do you often have to look up "the definitions of the definitions"? Like a bloodhound on the scent, do you have to keep nosing in page after page of fine print, to get at the COMPLETE meaning?

For example, how many ***more*** words do you have to look up, if your dictionary defines such a simple thing as a SKUNK as "a common fetid musteline mammal of the genus Mephitis"? Contrast this with the clear-cut definition below from the WINSTON:

skunk (skŭngk), *n.* [< Amer. Ind. *segongw*, skunk], a small, American mammal (genus *Mephitis*), usually black with white markings, able at will to eject a liquid of very offensive odor: in the United States, also called *polecat*: *Vulgar*, a contemptible person.

See how ***double-size,*** clear type for the keyword helps you to find it at once—how instantly you understand the full definition. You lose no time tracking down ponderous, unfamiliar terms. That is why so many people, ***94% of whom already have at least one other dictionary,*** are buying

The WINSTON
Simplified
DICTIONARY
THE MODERN AUTHORITY

Includes the ***new words*** you want . . . ***accurate definitions*** you need . . . SIMPLIFIED for quicker reference, easier understanding.

COLLEGE EDITION, 1280 PAGES . . . $3.50

ENCYCLOPEDIC EDITION
1540 PAGES, $5.00

At all booksellers and stationers

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
Winston Bldg. Phila., Pa.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

EYECATCHERS that have prickled Old Q.'s attention:—☞48 U. S. publishers have announced that they will have nothing to do with the Book Congress in Leipzig this year, deeming that it will be only ventriloquism for the Nazi government. ☞A Russian film director has been cashiered for introducing Marx and sex into a Soviet movie of *Treasure Island*. (We should love to see John Silver played by John Lewis of the C.I.O.). ☞"Walt Disney's new film, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, is the happiest thing that has happened in this world since the armistice."—Westbrook Pegler in N. Y. *World-Telegram*. ☞The headline of a double-page spread of photos in the magazine *Japan in Pictures*, published monthly by Asahi Shimbun-Sha. It says "Japan Battles on for Peace." ☞An article "Ten Years in the Bookplate Business" by Ernest Morgan (of Antioch College) describing the ups and downs of a courageous little venture started by a student at Antioch College in 1926—after having got his first printing experience with William Edwin Rudge. (This leaflet may be had for the asking, from Ernest Morgan, Yellow Springs, Ohio). ☞A. L. Rowse, reviewing *The Poems of Jonathan Swift* (3 vols.) in *The Criterion*, says: "Swift has been *universally* underestimated as a poet. . . . He is one of the great English poets, and this edition makes it abundantly clear." ☞Aylmer Vallance, writing in *Time and Tide* (London) says: "I wonder why Scottish telephone operators are incomparably more intelligent and better educated than Londoners. Never can I book a call from London to a Scottish exchange without spelling it at least twice, whereas I have never found an operator north of the Border in the least perplexed by, say, Flaxman or Frobisher. And there is an Admirable Crichton in Glasgow "phonograms" whose handling of night-letter telegrams sent by telephone is masterly. Out of pure mischief I sometimes insert scraps of French poetry, and always have the sense that he could give me the quotation pat." ☞We are, as you know, a constant praiser of catalogues, from which we eke most of our we hope gradually widening education. No catalogue gives us more Aristotelian "Right Reason" than that of the Facsimile Text Society (2960 Broadway, N. Y. City). From them you can get, at prices usually less than current fiction, beautiful facsimile reprints of some of the rarest and strangest things in English and American literature. They make the most perfect gifts: what, for instance, could be a more delicious wedding present than a facsimile of Spenser's *Amoretti and Epithalamion* (1595)—and it costs exactly One Dollar. ☞Or, also one buck, a reproduction of the 1798 *Lyrical Ballads* with the Bristol imprint, of which only 3 copies are known to exist. ☞Or the 1859 *Rubaiyat*, or the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress;* or, for some stiff-necked friend, Glanville's old work (1661) whose title always delights us: *The Vanity of Dogmatizing or Confidence in Opinions, Manifested in a Discourse of the Shortness and Uncertainty of our Knowledge, and its Causes; with some Reflexions on Peripateticism and an Apology for Philosophy.* ☞We rediscovered in an old scrapbook a letter from Mr. E. W. Heffer of the famous Heffer and Sons' bookshop in Cambridge, England. Fifteen years ago he sent us his catalogue and wrote, what some bookseller might well reprint:—

"We hope that you will look through it and mentally decide upon which books you wish to buy from it, knowing perfectly well that you never intend to do so; for this is the joy of all true catalogue reading. It is a perfectly legitimate form of drug-taking. It is a very healthy way of getting intoxicated, because you can sit up past the regulation hours—past the hours when those in authority have decided it is time for you to go to bed—and yet mount the stairs with steady tread, despite the shaky feeling in the brain, knowing the joy of having adventured something big which involved nothing more than a wish."

☞People who have not learned the joy of booksellers' catalogues are mere beginners, librolescents. ☞We are still hunting for someone who has actually read some of Constance Holme's novels. Bertram Rota in his new catalogue offers the complete typescript of her first novel for £30. ☞Argosy Bookstores (114 E. 59) very intelligently continue to specialize in old maps. Of an 1838 map of Iowa and Missouri Territories they say "one mapmaker, maddened by the irritations inflicted upon a conservative craft by the too rapid growth of the West, produced this diverting map"—in which "Missouri Territory" runs from the Missouri to the Rockies and from Canada to Mexico; and the Oregon Territory was anticipated by 10 years. ☞The Collectors' Bookshop (37 West 47) is not completely accurate in cataloguing *Lightship*, by Archie Binns, as "the author's first book." There was a very weird novel called *The Maiden Voyage* (John Day, 1931) by Riesenberg and Binns, whose history has been obscure. ☞In the same interesting catalogue ("150 American First Editions") we learn that Ring Lardner's first book, *Bib Ballads* (1915) was illustrated by Fontaine Fox.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 199)

SHERIDAN—"SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

When an old bachelor marries a young wife what is he to expect? We tilted a little going to church, and fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing . . . and I had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED